

The Heisters

An original screenplay
by Carole A. Parker

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EXT. SANTA MONICA - BAY STREET - NIGHT

A leafy side-street off the main drag. Quiet. Bucolic. Small homes. Some nice, some shitty. The cheap seats. But safe.

A WOMAN (40) comes walking toward us down the sidewalk. Tough-looking, but very hot. Cigarette dangling off blood-red lips. Curves galore. Legs for days. Lips for nights.

Meet KELSEY HAZARD, a tight, taugt bundle of swagger. Long chestnut hair tied tight in a ponytail. Eyes flashing with that world-weary air of someone who's seen it all.

Several times.

She gets to the corner. Starts walking across the street.

KELSEY (V.O.)
The job had gone well. We'd made off with a little over a million bucks. All in all, not a bad haul.

Kelsey gets to the front door of a small MARKET. Goes in.

INT. MARKET - NIGHT

Kelsey walks over the beer cooler. Grabs a couple six-packs. Takes them up to the register.

KELSEY (V.O.)
I'd been holed up for two days with a low-level errand boy for a local crew, and needed supplies.
(beat)
All that fucking makes a gal thirsty.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
(to the clerk)
Can I get a carton of Marlboro one-hundreds?

The AWKWARD CLERK (20) nods. Reaches up above for the smokes.

KELSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We'd all been laying low for a few days after the score until the heat died down.

Awkward rings up the total. Looks at the register.

AWKWARD CLERK
That'll be seventy-two dollars and thirty-eight cents.

KELSEY
(gives him some cash)
Fucking cancer sticks are gonna break the bank one of these days --

(CONTINUED)

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 AWKWARD CLERK
 (takes it)
You should smoke generics, like I do.
Much cheaper.

She looks at him more closely. Appraising.

 KELSEY
You live around here?

 AWKWARD CLERK
Uh -- yeah. On t-tenth street.

 KELSEY
 (arches an eyebrow)
Maybe sometime we could -- work out a
trade.

 AWKWARD CLERK
Uh -- yeah. Sure --

 KELSEY
 (nods, big smile)
Later.

He stares. She grabs her bag. Starts for the door.

 AWKWARD CLERK
Hey. You forgot your change --

 KELSEY
 (over her shoulder)
Keep it. Get yourself something nice.
Splurge. Live a little.

And she's gone. Awkward watches her go. Shakes his head. Wow.

EXT. BAY STREET - NIGHT

We watch from the across the street as Kelsey walks down the
sidewalk with her bag. Heels CLICK-CLICKING on the cement.

 KELSEY (V.O.)
The name's Hazard. Kelsey Hazard. I'm a
heister.
 (beat)
I steal for a living. Big jobs, mostly.
Armored cars. Stadium jobs. Race tracks.
Even jacked a coin convention once. But
no banks. That shit'll get you killed.
And besides, it's a federal offense.
I'll stick with the local heat, thank
you.

She turns onto a driveway. Starts walking up to a Craftsman
bungalow. Once nice, now crumbling in disrepair.

 KELSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I do one or two jobs a year. Then live
off the take the rest of the time.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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KELSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I plan my jobs meticulously -- and I've
never been caught.

Kelsey opens the front door, goes in.

INT. BUNGALOW - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Decor, 'early dorm room.' She walks through into --

KELSEY (V.O.)
I'm completely off the grid. Have never
paid taxes.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The kitchen, where she puts the smokes on the counter. The
beers into the fridge.

KELSEY (V.O.)
As far as Uncle Sam goes, I don't exist --

She pulls off two cans, walks into --

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dark, with light spilling out from an doorway at the end.
She walks toward the bedroom.

KELSEY
I'm back --
(beat)
Miss me?

Gets to the door. Starts to walk in --

KELSEY (CONT'D)
Rested up for the next round?

She looks, sees a YOUNG STUD (25) propped up in bed. A long
SAMURAI SWORD stuck in his neck. Pinning him to the head
board. Blood everywhere. Must have been SOME geysers.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
NO!

Kelsey RACES over to the closet. Opens it. Looks. She WHEELS
AROUND. Head whipping back and forth. In a RAGE.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
The MONEY --

She stops. Closes her eyes. Takes a deep breath. Opens them.
Now blazing. Full of FIRE.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
Somebody's gonna DIE.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Police. DON'T MOVE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kelsey turns, sees --

TWO POLICE OFFICERS

Standing in the doorway. A GRIZZLED VET and a YOUNG ROOKIE. Weapons drawn. Kelsey expresses blank-faced surprise. Rookie stares at the body. Looks like he's gonna puke.

KELSEY
You got here fast --

RED-FACED ROOKIE COP
What?

GRIZZLED VET COP
You called us?

KELSEY
Hell, yeah. I go down to the corner to get beer and smokes and I come back and my fuck-buddy's been skewered like a shish-ka-bob. So I called.

She reaches for her pocket. Red-Faced shakes his weapon.

RED-FACED ROOKIE COP
Don't MOVE.

KELSEY
I was --
(gestures at her pocket)
Getting a cigarette?

GRIZZLED VET COP
(to Red-Faced)
Put your weapon down, Dunn. It might go off.

He does, but still looks pissed. Kelsey nods. Pulls out a smoke. Lights it.

KELSEY
You think I'd kill someone and then stick around until you got here?
(off their silence)
The bag with the receipt is on the kitchen counter. Two six-packs of beer, and a carton of Marlboros. Seventy-two bucks and change.

GRIZZLED VET COP
(to Dunn)
Go check.

Dunn nod. Goes off to the kitchen to look.

GRIZZLED VET COP (CONT'D)
Sorry about that. He's new on the force.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KELSEY

Don't worry about it. I'd be suspicious, too.

GRIZZLED VET COP

So what was your relationship with the victim?

KELSEY

Jackie Tempel? Like I said. He was a fuck-buddy. Met him in a bar a couple of nights ago. We've been shackled up ever since.

GRIZZLED VET COP

You live around here?

KELSEY

From New York. Here on vacation.

Dunn comes back in. Looks sheepish. But still pissy.

DUNN

It checks out, chief. Receipt says the purchase was made five minutes ago.

Grizzled Vet nods. Stares at Kelsey carefully.

GRIZZLED VET

You check the closet? Perp could be hiding in there.

KELSEY

I checked. No one there.

GRIZZLED VET COP

(to Dunn)
Go take a look.

Dunn nods. Goes to the closet.

KELSEY

You're wasting your time --

The rookie opens the door. Looks down. Eyes go wide.

DUNN

Well, look at what we have HERE. Machine guns, handguns -- a regular ARSENAL.

(turns and looks)
Cuff her, partner. We got us a real --

Kelsey GRABS a book off the dresser. HURLS it at Dunn's head, CRACK. He WHEELS BACKWARDS into the closet, THWUMP.

She WHIRLS around. KNEES Grizzled Vet in the groin. He doubles over in pain. She PUNCHES him in the throat. Grizzled HITS the floor, GASPING for breath.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Dunn starts to get up, but Kelsey's too fast. She DASHES over to the closet and KICKS him in the head. He goes back down. Out like a light.

Grizzled starts to get up, still wheezing. Reaches for his piece -- but Kelsey GRABS it and CRACKS him on the head with it. THWUMP. He goes down for the count.

She races over to the closet. Grabs the pistols. Stuffs them in her pockets. Goes to the bed table. Grabs the kid's cell phone. Heads for the door.

KELSEY (V.O.)

I hate fucking up cops, but sometimes a gal's gotta do what a gal's gotta do --

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAWN - FLASHBACK

Titles read 'A FEW DAYS EARLIER.'

A handful of junky cars sit parked overnight. Kelsey walks up to a beat-up old Toyota sedan. Looks around. No one. She pulls out a long, thin metal strip from her pocket.

Works in into the window. POPS the door open. Slides in.

IN THE CAR

She deftly pulls a pair of wires from the steering column. Strips them with her teeth. Presses the ends together. The engine ROARS to life. She hits the gas. Drives away.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAWN - FLASHBACK

A heart-stopping gorgeous view of the ocean. Grey and blue waves crest into white like knives in the bright blue sky.

The famed thoroughfare twists and turns around the coastline. Weaves through giant rock formations as if on a dare.

ANGLE ON --

The crappy Toyota rumbles along in the sparse traffic.

INT. TOYOTA SEDAN - DAWN - FLASHBACK

Kelsey sits behind the wheel. Cigarette dangling on her lip. Rakish in Ray Ban shades.

KELSEY (V.O.)

I'd been holed up in Santa Barbara the last few months taking it easy. Enjoying the local color. Shellfish, surfing and sex.

(beat)

Not necessarily in that order.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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KELSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

When I saw that I'd blown through half the dough from the last job, I knew it was time to rustle up some more scratch. And it was time to pay the bill at my kid's *assisted care facility* again. Place is fucking *expensive*. But it's the best in the country. What's a mother to do?

(beat)

So I spread the word through the grapevine that I was looking for some action. Things were pretty quiet for a while, but then I caught a break. I got a call from one of my go-betweens that my *old pal* in LA Ronan Kenny was putting together a sweet little stadium job.

(beat)

So here I was, on my way to the City of Angels, the land of celluloid dreams. Except this was no dream. This was the real deal --

(beat)

Little did I know it would soon become a nightmare.

EXT. BAY STREET - NIGHT

Kelsey walks briskly to her stolen car of the moment. A beat-up old Dodge Dart Swinger. Gets in. Turns on the engine.

INT. DODGE DART SWINGER - MOVING - NIGHT

Kelsey pulls away from the curb. Drives south on Bay Street. Pulls out her cell phone.

KELSEY (V.O.)

We all use disposable cell phones during a job. That way there's nothing to trace. None of us knew where we were holed up, but we COULD call each other.

She fingers a number. Listens.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Ronan, it's me --

(listens)

Some fucked up shit just went down.

I need to see you.

(listens)

Not on the phone --

(listens)

I don't want to take that chance.

(listens)

The Venice Motor Court. On Speedway.

(listens)

I'll be there in ten.

She clicks the phone shut. Turns left at the next intersection. Heads south. We see flashes of the beach between the buildings as she drive.

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KELSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The plan was, after the job all six us would hole up somewhere separately for a week or two until the heat was off. Problem was, we did the job two days ago, so the heat was definitely still ON.

INT. VENICE MOTOR COURT HOTEL - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Kelsey walks up to a door. Knocks softly three times. Then stops. Then once again. The door opens. She goes in.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Your standard, bland touristy-tacky room brought to you by the color beige. Big painting of a ship at sea. Cliche much?

Standing in the room is RONAN KENNY (40's), a big, burly block of Irish Spring. Jet-black hair frames a face that only a boxer could love. Crude prison tattoos dot faded grey skin.

He CRUSHES a can of beer. Tosses it the trash can. Stares at her meaningfully.

RONAN

I'd say it was great to see ya, but since you're gonna give me bad news, I dunno.

KELSEY

Tell me about it.

Kelsey sees a YOUNG BLONDE CHICK (20) sitting on the bed.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Who's the frill?

RONAN

This is Becky.

BECKY

(gives a little wave)

Hey.

Meet BECKY FINE, party girl deluxe. Your standard former cheerleader now on a one-way bender to hitting the skids. Puffy, red-rimmed eyes belie a soft expanse of creamy skin.

BECKY (CONT'D)

Well, aren't you going to introduce us?

Ronan pulls out his wallet. Goes over. Hands her some cash.

RONAN

Why don't you go to the supermarket and get us some more beer. And get some chips. Beef jerky. That kinda shit.

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CONTINUED:

BECKY
 (pouts)
 But the supermarket's fifteen minutes
 away --

He stares at her. She stares back. Then crumples. Gets up.
 Grabs her bag. Goes out the door. Slams it. BANG.

KELSEY
 Don't tell me. You met her on a job.

RONAN
 Nah. Believe it or not, we've been dating
 a few weeks. Got some fucked-up daddy
 fixation.
 (motions to the table)
 Enough chit-chat. What happened?

They both sit. Kelsey pulls out her smokes. Lights one up.
 Studies him carefully. He stares at her stone-faced.

KELSEY
 I went out for ten minutes to get
 supplies, come back, boy-toy is DEAD, and
 the money's GONE.

RONAN
Fuck.

KELSEY
 Yeah.

RONAN
 FUCK.

KELSEY
 Uh, YEAH.

RONAN
 Whaddaya think? Was it someone on the
 crew, or an outside job?

KELSEY
 Smells like a civilian. The kid was
 fucking STABBED with a samurai sword in
 the neck. He was fucking HARPOONED to the
 bed.

RONAN
Shit --

KELSEY
 Why would a burglar do that? They just
 want to get in and out. Must have been
 someone that knew him, had a grudge.
 Like an ex-lover. Maybe it was a crime of
 passion. And then they called the cops so
 I would take the fall. So they must have
 been watching us --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RONAN

Makes sense. But just to make sure, we should check out the rest of the crew, don'tcha think? Someone could be trying to make it LOOK like a crime of passion.

KELSEY

Nah. This smells like amateur hour all the way. If one of our crew did it, they wouldn't have killed the kid. No percentage in it -- it would have turned the heat up to 'high.' We need to gather everybody up and work on this as a team.

(thinks)

DeLuca and Aber are shackled up together. I'll get them first. You track down Garza and Jones.

RONAN

Okay.

KELSEY

Good --

They stare at each other. Something passes between them.

RONAN

Hey. I just realized. You counted it. How much did we get?

KELSEY

A little over a million.

RONAN

NICE. So we each get --

He frowns. Trying to do the math in his head.

KELSEY

About a hundred and seventy-K each.

RONAN

Shit. I could sure use a hundred and seventy-K.

KELSEY

You and me both, doll.

(beat)

But first we have to get it back --

EXT. SURF MOTOR COURT MOTEL - DAY - FLASHBACK

A crusty, old ramshackle affair just off PCH facing the ocean. A row of tiny, shitty cabins on each side of the office. A sign blinks 'No V_{can}y' in pale pink neon.

Kelsey's beater pulls into the gravel lot with a CRUNCH. She parks. Gets out. Walks over to the office.

INT. SURF MOTOR COURT MOTEL - OFFICE - DAY

A dump. A small fan tries to push around the fetid air. The GROTESQUE CLERK, the white version of Precious, looks up from her National Enquirer. Shoves a Pringle's in her gaping maw.

GROTESQUE CLERK
(shaking her head, munching)
Sorry. All full up --

KELSEY
I don't need a room. I'm looking for John Smith's cabin.

GROTESQUE CLERK
(makes a face)
Another one, huh?
(off her nod)
Cabin ten. On the right, at the end.

Kelsey nods. Leaves. Grotesque watches her go.

GROTESQUE CLERK (CONT'D)
Guess dey're not queers, den --

EXT. MOTOR COURT CABIN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A faded, peeling, shitty, tiny little 'vacation' home. Kelsey walks up to the door. KNOCK-KNOCKS on it. It OPENS. Ronan Kenny stands there holding a beer. Big smile.

RONAN
Come on in and pull up a log.

INT. MOTOR COURT CABIN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A tiny, cramped space, dark with the shades drawn. Kelsey follows Ronan in. Eyes squinting. Adjusting to the light. Ronan looks at two MEN sitting at a small table.

RONAN
Guys, this is Kelsey. Kelsey Hazard.

KELSEY
(nods)
Gentlemen --

A large ITALIAN GUY (40's) gives her the once-over.

ITALIAN GUY
You said she was a pro, but you didn't tell me she was fuckin' HOT.

Meet LUDO DELUCA, failed restaurateur. Expert chef. Not so expert at business. Double chin and a belly. Salt and pepper. But good-looking, in that mobster-looking kinda way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY
 (to Ronan, deadpan)
 And you didn't tell me Pauley Walnuts was gonna be here.

A small, thin JEWISH GUY (50's) chuckles softly.

JEWISH GUY
 Oy. And she's a comedian.

Meet CHICK ABER, smooth-talking pro heister from way back. Dapper. Smart. With more than a little of the Borscht Belt in him. Smoking a cigar. Eyes crinkled with mischief.

RONAN
 (to Kelsey)
 The goombah-goodfella on the left is Ludo DeLuca, and the cheap, Jew-bastard on the right here is Chick Aber.

CHICK
 Jew-bastard? If my parents could hear you now, rest their souls.

LUDO
 Don't listen to him. I come from a family of *restauranteurs*, NOT wiseguys --

Kelsey nods slowly. Appraising them. Sits on the bed.

KELSEY
 Gentlemen --

Ronan walks over to her. Hands her a bottle of beer.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
 Thanks. So tell me about the job.

He smiles. Leans against the kitchenette counter. Takes a pull off his longneck. Wipes his mouth with his sleeve.

RONAN
 It's a sweet job. Easy pickings. Low risk.

LUDO
 It's a rock concert --

CHICK
 A charity event --

RONAN
 At UCLA. The Rose Bowl.

KELSEY
 You want to knock off *The Rose Bowl* --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RONAN
It's a cinch. I worked security there.
I know the layout -- the box office,
security, the whole shebang.

KELSEY
But aren't seats for that kinda thing
sold on Ticketmaster? Online?

RONAN
Usually, yes. But not this one. It's a
special benefit for disaster relief. The
tickets are bought on-site, that day.

KELSEY
Which disaster?

RONAN
That uh, earthquake thing.

KELSEY
You're planning on ripping off a CHARITY
FUND-RAISER?

RONAN
Well, they've already raised a billion
dollars, who's gonna miss a million?

Kelsey sips her beer.

KELSEY
A million? That's a big score --
(beat)
Anybody asking ace shares?

LUDO
Nope. Equal split, right down the middle.

KELSEY
Who's bankrolling it?

RONAN
I am. The job's THAT good.

KELSEY
That's very generous of you.

RONAN
I'm a generous guy.

Kelsey looks at him. Narrows her eyes.

KELSEY
How many people on the job?

RONAN
We figure two more. Muscle. Drivers. So
that's six.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She nods slowly. Thinking.

RONAN (CONT'D)
So whaddaya think?

KELSEY
What makes it *low-risk*?

RONAN
Well, we gotta way in. We just need to take care of the traffic jam afterwards so we can get out. There's always a traffic jam at these things.

KELSEY
How do we get in?

RONAN
The box office is old-school. It's got a gate. You climb up over it and get in. Piece a cake.

KELSEY
So we just walk up to the box office --

RONAN
No, no, no. Here's the beauty part. We go in *the night before*. Then wait until the morning. The box office opens at seven, and the concert starts at nine. It's one of those all-day things. You know, like a festival.

KELSEY
I see --

RONAN
We just need help figuring out the exit strategy.

Kelsey sips her beer. Leans back against the pillow. Closes her eyes. A clock TICK-TICK-TICKS. Everybody watches her. Thinking. She opens them. Sits up.

KELSEY
Ambulance. We rig up a fake one and rescue somebody.

Ronan, Ludo and Chick exchange glances. Big smiles.

CHICK
The woman is a GENIUS.

KELSEY
Hey. Why do you think I make the big bucks?

EXT. THE INTERNATIONAL MOTEL - DAY

A piece of shit flea bag on the wrong end of Pico. Flags from around the world painted on white cinder block. A real dump.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - MORNING

Kelsey walks down the hall. Stops at a door. Knock-knock-knocks softly. Pauses. Then twice. Stops. Then once again. The door opens. She goes in.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Shades drawn. Dark. A smoky haze drifts in the room. Pizza boxes and beer cans litter the joint. Chick sits at a table playing solitaire. Ludo motions Kelsey to come in.

LUDO

I don't like it. It's too soon for us to see each other. Something fucked up. I can smell it.

CHICK

(SNAPS down a card)

Don't get your wife-beater in a twist. Let's hear what she has to say. She wouldn't have come over here and risked everything if it wasn't important, right?

KELSEY

No shit.

(beat)

You gotta beer?

LUDO

We drank 'em all.

CHICK

I got -- scotch?

Kelsey nods. Chick gets up. Goes to the mini-bar. Pours two fingers in a glass. Walks over to Kelsey. Hands it to her.

KELSEY

Thanks.

She downs it. Looks at the glass. Sighs.

LUDO

So?

Pause.

KELSEY

Somebody jacked the haul.

LUDO

What the FUCK?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY
I went out for --

LUDO
You *went out*? You WENT OUT? Where the
FUCK did you GO? Holy FUCKING SHIT. What
the fuck were you DOING? How could you --

CHICK
(hisses)
HEY. Calm the FUCK down and let her tell
us what the fuck HAPPENED.

LUDO
YOU calm the fuck down, ASSHOLE. The
money's GONE.

Kelsey sighs. Goes to the bar. Freshens her drink. Sips it.

CHICK
But maybe we can fucking GET IT BACK if
you let her TELL US WHAT HAPPENED.
(pulls out his gun)
So shut the FUCK up and stop acting like
your version of what you think a tough
guy is supposed to ACT like.

LUDO
What the fuck is THAT supposed to mean?

CHICK
It means you're not acting like a
PROFESSIONAL. It's hotheads like you
that'll get us killed, in jail, broke --
or a combination of all three.

Tears form in Ludo's eyes. He takes a step back.
PLOPS onto the couch. Head in his hands.

LUDO
If I don't get the money -- the bank'll
take the RESTAURANT.

CHICK
(looks at Kelsey)
Tony Soprano he's not.
(beat)
So tell us what happened.

KELSEY
I was holed up with this kid in bed for
two days since the job. I went out for
ten minutes to get smokes and beer, and I
come back and he's harpooned to the bed
with a sword and the money's gone.
(takes a sip)
That's about it.

LUDO
SHIT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHICK

*Fuck --**(beat)*

Did the kid know about the job?

KELSEY

Nah. Low-level runner for Jimmy Two-Fingers. NOT a player --

LUDO

Maybe Garza and Jones --

CHICK

Are you fucking KIDDING ME? They're fucking DRIVERS. Their combined IQ is the TEMPERATURE. Smells like a spurned lover, that kind of thing.

(thinks)

On the other hand, maybe -- Ronan?

KELSEY

No way. He set up the job. I've known him a long time. I'll vouch for him.

CHICK

(not sold)

If you say so --

LUDO

(stares at Chick)

Hey, wait a minute. You went out tonight.

(to Kelsey)

Maybe HE did it --

CHICK

I was at the *movies*. You really think an old man like me is gonna HARPOON someone with a SWORD? And look at me, how am I gonna carry two giant duffle bags that weigh a fucking ton?

LUDO

I dunno. You had some HELP?

CHICK

You're barking up the wrong tree, you fucking GOOMBAH --

(realizes)

What about while I was gone, HUH? You've got the motive, that fucking RESTAURANT. Maybe YOU did it --

LUDO

Fuck you, you fucking Jew-bastard FUCK --

KELSEY

STOP IT, BOTH of you --

(off their silence)

Ronan and I think it's an outsider.

*(MORE)**(CONTINUED)*

CONTINUED: (3)

KELSEY (CONT'D)

If it was one of us, we would've just taken the haul -- we wouldn't have killed the kid. That would be stupid. It would bring down too much heat.

(beat)

We think we should regroup and find who did it, together.

LUDO

You mean out in the open?

CHICK

You gotta better idea?

LUDO

But the cop's will be --

CHICK

Do you want to get the fucking MONEY BACK or NOT?

Ludo sighs. Glares at Chick.

KELSEY

Then it's settled. Pack up your shit and let's get going.

CHICK

(stares at Ludo)

Where we going?

KELSEY

Venice Motor Hotel, right at the beach. Ronan's got a suite.

LUDO

Great. I'll be sure to pack my bathing suit.

INT. MOTOR COURT CABIN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Ronan, Ludo and Chick look at Kelsey expectantly. She drains her beer. Thinking.

KELSEY

It might work. But I need to know more about the setup. The layout. How many guards --

RONAN

Yeah, yeah -- I'm gettin' to that.

He pulls out a piece of graph paper. Unfolds it. Lays it down on the table. Kelsey comes over. Looks.

RONAN (CONT'D)

(points)

Okay. There's three box offices, on the east, west and north side of the stadium.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONAN (CONT'D)

Every hour the money gets picked up from each one and gets brought over to the south side where the finance office is on the second floor --

KELSEY

Who delivers it?

RONAN

Pair of armed guards. They take it down a corridor under the stands. Be easy to hit, but they only carry a couple of grand each trip.

(off Kelsey's nod)

In the finance office, the cash is counted and put into money boxes that go to the bank. They'll be finished before the concert is over because they don't want the armored car to get stuck in the traffic jam that'll happen when everyone leaves.

KELSEY

When does it come?

RONAN

When they call for it. And it doesn't stay long. Just long enough to pick up the dough and split. It's flanked by two local cop cars in front and back all the way the bank.

KELSEY

What's the setup in the finance office?
How many guards?

RONAN

Four armed guards and six employees. You go in through a locked door. Knock first, and then they check you out through a peephole.

KELSEY

And it's gonna be mostly small bills, right?

CHICK

(nods)

We figure two big duffle bags oughta handle it.

Kelsey nods. Thinking.

KELSEY

Tell me again about the gate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RONAN

There's three of them. They're old, with ornamental spikes that go up almost to the top, but there's still room for someone to climb over it. They go over, and then unlock it and let us in.

KELSEY

What if somebody sees us?

RONAN

Already thought of that. The east gate is where the photographers take pictures of the losers who wait in line all night, and the west gate is on the main drag -- but the north gate is across the street from the park, which will be empty when we go in.

CHICK

He's got it covered --

KELSEY

Okay. Then what?

RONAN

We go through three locks, and then we're in the finance office.

KELSEY

Is there anything going on there tonight?

RONAN

On a weeknight? Nah --

KELSEY

Then let's do a dry run.

LUDO

Tonight? Right now?

CHICK

You got something better to do?

KELSEY

We need to make impressions of the locks. And I want to get the feel of the place. Sniff it out.

RONAN

Like a bloodhound, huh?

KELSEY

Nah. More like a seeing eye dog.

LUDO

How do you figure?

CHICK

The blind leading the blind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KELSEY

Bingo.

EXT. THE MATADOR MOTEL - DAY

A seedy 'sex motel' on the outskirts of Santa Monica. Beyond sleazy-looking. The usual assortment of street trash loiter outside. A sign reads NO VACAN_Y.

A cab pulls up and parks at the sidewalk.

INT. CAB - DAY

Ronan leans over the divider. Shows the BORED CABBIE a fifty-dollar bill. He RIPS it in two. Hands him half.

RONAN

Wait for me and you get the rest.

BORED CABBIE

How long you gonna be?

RONAN

Five minutes, tops.

BORED CABBIE

(looks at the motel)

You're FAST.

RONAN

It's business, buster.

BORED CABBIE

Yeah, right. And I'm Donald Trump --

INT. MATADOR MOTEL - SHITTY ROOM - DAY

A ridiculous 'theme room' made up to look like a medieval castle cell. But the 'stones' on the wallpaper are peeling.

Two MEN sit on the bed watching TV. A pizza box lays between them. They both take swigs from forties of malt liquor. Take hits from a joint they pass back and forth.

LARGE BLACK GUY

DAMN, that's some serious SHIT. Saturday Night Fever blew the fucking nigger's BRAINS out --

Meet JEFTY JONES (28), massive muscle-for-hire. Former gang-banger, now working his way up the ladder. Precision driver. Chip on his shoulder the size of a Escalade.

HISPANIC GUY

I can't believe you never seen this shit, homes --

(passes the joint)

Tarantino is THE MAN. You ever seen JACKIE BROWN?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Meet KASPER GARZA (25), former Mexican drug cartel runner. Decided he liked LA better. Bulky fireplug. Wannabe boxer. But partied too much. Could be Luis Guzman's little brother.

JEFTY
(takes the joint)
I seen dat. Pam Grier got BACK.

A soft knock-knock-knock at the door. They both pull out GUNS. Kasper hops off the bed. Tip-toes up to the door. Nods at Jefty, who's got his weapon aimed. He nods.

KASPER
Who's there?

RONAN (O.C.)
The Good Humor man. Open up.

KASPER
Ronan?

RONAN (O.C.)
Yeah. Open the fucking door.

KASPER
How do I know it's you?

RONAN (O.C.)
If you don't open the door, I'll break it down and kick your wetback ass all the way to TIJUANA.

KASPER
(to Jefty, smiles)
It's him --

He unlocks the door. Opens it. Ronan comes in. Surveys the scene. Shakes his head.

RONAN
All that's missing are the hookers --

JEFTY
They left last night. Ain't gonna pay 'em for sleepin' --

KASPER
So whassup? You said some shit went down.

RONAN
The score got jacked.

JEFTY
What THE FUCK?

KASPER
I KNEW we shouldn'ta trusted that fucking BITCH --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RONAN

Suit yourself. Stay here and party down.
But when we get the money you're on your
own.

JEFTY

Shit, hold on. I'm comin,' I'm comin.'

KASPER

Yo, chill. Let me get my shit.

They both race around the room. Grabbing their bags, stuffing
their belongings in them.

RONAN

(shakes his head)

I love a well-oiled machine --

EXT. DOWNTOWN WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A giant abandoned brick warehouse in the shitty part of East
Los Angeles. Barren. Desolate. Not a soul to be seen.

Even the rats have split.

KELSEY (V.O.)

The dry run had gone well. It was just as
Ronan said it would be. The job was
starting to shape up nicely.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Kenny, DeLuca, Aber, Garza and Jones sit around a crude table
built with planks on saw horses. Kelsey sits at the head of
the table. Lights a cigarette. Thinking. Watching them.

KELSEY (V.O.)

We had found the drivers through Ronan's
connections. We wanted new blood. Guys
who didn't have that much of a rap sheet,
but who had good reps. Solid. Reliable.
But not the usual wheelmen the cops would
round up after the job was done. And I
wanted guys who could jack clean vehicles
in a hurry --

LUDO

I still don't get why we have to stay
here. The joint is filthy -- there's all
kinds of cockroaches and rats and shit.
If it's alright with you, I'd like to
stay somewhere else.

RONAN

It's just for a couple of days until we
do the job.

LUDO

Yeah, but this place is --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY

(sharp)

If you want out, now is the time to say so. We'll need to find a replacement.

Chick light a smoke. Gives Ludo the fish-eye.

CHICK

Don't be such a fucking pussy. We got tents and sleeping bags. Think of it like summer camp.

RONAN

You want to save your fucking restaurant or what?

LUDO

Alright, alright --

KELSEY

Then it's settled. Enough kibitzing. It's time to talk transportation.

(beat)

We're gonna need four vehicles --

KASPER

FOUR vehicles?

JEFTY

Yeah. How come?

KELSEY

First we need an ambulance. And then a car small enough to fit into it.

CHICK

That's brilliant.

LUDO

And the other two vehicles?

KELSEY

We need a small truck, and then another car we can fit in *it* --

RONAN

Nice, huh? We do the job with the two smaller cars, then hide them immediately in the bigger vehicles.

JEFTY

Fucking cool. I like it.

KASPER

Yeah. It's like outta some movie or some shit.

RONAN

Why do you think I brought her onboard? She's the master at this shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Kelsey nods. A smile flies across her lips. Then disappears.

KELSEY
But we've got our work cut out for ourselves. It's Wednesday night, and we have two days to get our shit together.

JEFTY
(smiles)
Not a problem. I can get BOTH cars tomorrow.

KELSEY
You know where to get some clean plates?

JEFTY
Does my man Tiger got wood?

KELSEY
(chuckles)
Too much information.
(to Kasper)
Can you get us the truck and the ambulance?

KASPER
Does a crack whore shit in The Hood?

CHICK
We gotta couple more comedians. Keep this up, and we can go on tour.

KELSEY
(to Kasper and Jefty)
If you can get the vehicles by tomorrow, that would be great. Be nice to have some extra time to outfit the insides and make adjustments. I've learned the hard way it's best not to wait until the last minute. If you rush, the job turns to mush.

JEFTY
So how did you get in the business? Hot dame like you --

RONAN
That's none of your fucking business. She's just like us, a pro, on a job. Leave the personal shit out of it, okay?

Kelsey jerks her head toward Ronan. Narrows her eyes.

KELSEY
It's okay. I'm used to it --

She stands. Starts walking around the table. Looking at each of them. Eyes on fire.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KELSEY (CONT'D)
 My parents jacked banks. When I was
 thirteen, they got killed on a job.
 (shakes her head)
 They tried to take out a downtown Wells
 Fargo all by themselves.
 (beat)
 My dad's brother took me under his wing.
 (bitter smile)
 As luck would have it, he was the one of
 the best heisters on the west coast.
 Taught me everything I know. I like to
 think it's oddly poetic that I continued
 the family business.
 (beat)
 But I don't do banks. Ever.
 (beat)
 That shit will get you killed.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Dark. Grungy. Filled with BIKERS, BLUE-COLLAR WORKERS and
 other assorted riffraff. Ugly, nasty heavy metal BLARES on
 the juke. The kinda place your momma warned you about.

A glass BREAKS somewhere in the smoky haze. Someone starts
 SHOUTING. A fist-fight breaks out. A chair is SMASHED. Burly
 BOUNCER throws a pair of BLOODIED REDNECKS out on the street.

Sitting at the bar is KELSEY (20), looking hot in jeans, t-
 shirt, black leather jacket and red lips. She SLAMS down a
 double shot of brown. CRACKS it on the bar.

KELSEY
 Hit me AGAIN.

She takes a chug from her beer. SCARY BARTENDER (40's) brings
 over a bottle. Pours another. Tries to smile. Not a pretty
 sight. Kelsey pulls out a wad of bills. SLAPS one down.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
 Might as well leave the bottle.

Scary picks up the bill. It's a C-note. Raises his eyebrows.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
 Keep the change.

He nods. Stuffs the bill in his pocket. Slides away. A
 PONYTAILED BIKER sitting next to her gives her a gold-toothed
 grin. A young Mickey Roarke in cracked black leather.

PONYTAILED BIKER
 Looks like someone's celebratin.'

Kelsey turns. Looks. Likes what she sees.

KELSEY
 Got THAT fuckin' right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pours them both a shot. They raise them in a toast.

PONYTAILED BIKER
So what are we drinkin' to?

Kelsey pulls at her jacket, revealing a GUN in her waistband.

KELSEY
Armed ROBBERY.

PONYTAILED BIKER
(grins)
Works for me.

And they SLAM them.

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Tiny. Sleazy. 'Threadbare' would a compliment. Kelsey crouches on the bed, doggy-style, gripping the headboard, while Ponytailed fucks the SHIT out of her.

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Cold, grey light spills in through the blinds. Ponytailed sits on the bed, pulling on his jeans. Kelsey sips a can of lukewarm beer. Lies dreamily on the bed.

KELSEY
How about one more for the road?

PONYTAILED BIKER
Damn, woman. You just don't quit.
(looks at her)
Been three days now, and we ain't hardly left the fuckin' ROOM.

He grabs his boots. Puts them on. She lights a smoke.

KELSEY
Got an itch that needs to be scratched.

PONYTAILED BIKER
They should call you Poison Ivy --

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kelsey leans over the toilet. VOMITS. Goes to the sink. Splashes her face with water. Looks in the mirror.

KELSEY
Fuck me --

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Kelsey stands at the counter. Pays for her purchase. The SHIT-KICKER CLERK (50's) smiles knowingly. Hands her her change.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHIT-KICKER CLERK
 Know a doctor that can take care of it
 for ya --

GRABS it. Hurries toward the exit.

KELSEY
 Fuck off, Billy Bob.

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kelsey sits on the toilet. Pulls out the home pregnancy test strip. Looks at it. Exhales.

KELSEY
 Shit.

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kelsey lies in bed. Smoking. Sips a can of beer. Thinking.

KELSEY
 (a whisper)
 I'm gonna give you all the things I never
 had. Things are gonna be different for
 you --

INT. RONAN'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Blinds are drawn. A heavy haze of smoke hangs in the air.
 And the smell of sweat. Desperation. Anger.

Everyone's seated on the couch, the floor, and all available
 chairs. Becky puts a bowl of chips and dip on the coffee
 table. If you didn't know better, you'd think it was a party.

KASPER
 (glares at Jefty)
 But I still say how do we know it wasn't
 one of us?

RONAN
 If YOU ripped off a million bucks, would
 YOU still be in town?

JEFTY
 (eyes Kasper)
 I dunno. If someone was doing a cross,
 they would stick around. A cover, you
 know --

KASPER
 Fuck you. I didn't do it --

CHICK
 (looks at Ludo)
 Well, that WOULD be the perfect cover.
 Steal the dough, then stay holed up like
 the rest of us --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDO
 (eyes Chick)
 And maybe they had some HELP --

Pause.

CHICK
 (eyes Ronan)
 But then on the other hand, some of us
 were alone the whole time --

RONAN
 HEY. I fucking PUT THIS JOB TOGETHER. You
 think I'm going to double cross all of
 you?

LUDO
 (shrugs)
 Happens all the time --

KELSEY
 ENOUGH, all of you. I had the fucking
 money, I was gone for TEN FUCKING
 MINUTES, and nobody knew where I was
 except RONAN, who I called right after
 the shit went down. There's NO WAY he
 could of have done it --
 (sighs)
 If we're going to get the money back,
 we're going to have to work *together*, and
 not BICKER like a bunch of fucking school
 girls, GOT IT?
 (off their stares)
 Alright. It's settled --
 (beat)
 Now, like I told you, Jackie Tempel was
 stabbed through the neck with a samurai
 sword he had hanging over the bed. That
 makes it a crime of passion, so we're
 looking for some chick he was seeing --
 and dumped. Or cheated on.

LUDO
 And how are we going to find HER?

Kelsey pulls out the kid's cell. Holds it up. Smiles.

KELSEY
 I grabbed his phone. And looking through
 all the names on it, we've got ourselves
 a nice little list of chickies.

CHICK
 So what's the plan, then?

KELSEY
 We've got five names --
 (beat)
 I want each of you to check out one of
 them. Tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEFTY

You want us to play ding-dong bitch?

LUDO

(suspicious)

What are you going to do?

KELSEY

I'm going to pay a little visit to the homicide detective in charge of the case. See if there are any names we *don't* know about.

RONAN

But won't that be -- dangerous?

KELSEY

Not a problem.

(beat)

Danger is my business.

EXT. STADIUM - NORTH GATE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Deserted at this hour. A large, old black Mercedes sedan idles at the curb. The exhaust softly puffs out a white cloud in the moonlight. We see four DARK FIGURES huddled inside.

KELSEY (V.O.)

There's nothing like the feeling you get at the start of a heist. At first it's like butterflies in your stomach, like you're going onstage. But once you get going, it's a pure adrenaline rush. Better than drugs. Booze. Gambling. Even sex --

(beat)

Well, almost.

INT. MERCEDES SEDAN - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Ronan's behind the wheel. Kelsey rides shotgun in the passenger seat. Chick and Ludo sit in the back. They all wear stadium uniforms. Everybody SNAPS on thin latex gloves.

KELSEY

(to Ronan)

Ready to rock and roll?

Kelsey's wearing a long, blonde wig. TONS of makeup that makes her look glitzy, and a darker skin tone. Tres exotic. NOT white. With maximum cleavage for maximum distraction.

RONAN

Solid, doll. Let's crack this sucker like a walnut --

(smiles)

And let the heist begin.

Ronan's skin is also now darker with makeup. A big, wide fake nose and a close-cropped beard complete his disguise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHICK

Where's Mickey Spillane when you need him?

(to Ludo)

It's showtime, boychick.

LUDO

(to Kelsey and Ronan)

See you in the funny papers.

Chick and Ludo slide on baseball caps. Pull big scarves up over their noses. Open their doors. Get out.

EXT. FOURTEENTH STREET - NIGHT

A leafy side street off Wilshire on the north side of Santa Monica. Safe, quiet, and not too expensive. The beige seats. Kelsey's beat-up Toyota pulls up to the curb.

KELSEY (V.O.)

I read in the newspaper that homicide detective Mart Volok was in charge of the case --

(beat)

I did a little research, found the guy's address -- and now it was time to play 'spin the dick.'

The car door opens. Kelsey gets out. Walks up the sidewalk to the front door. She RINGS the bell.

KELSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I knew I had to play my cards VERY carefully. It's usually not a good idea to fuck with officers of the law.

The door OPENS. A small HOUSEWIFE (40's), formerly cute, now a faded wisp of suburban malaise, stands there staring at Kelsey with alarm. Eyes blinking. Mind whirring.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Sorry to bother you, but I'd like to speak to detective Volok.

MRS. VOLOK

I, uh -- I don't think he's --

KELSEY

Tell him it's about the Jackie Tempel case.

She stares at Kelsey balefully. *But it's dinner-time.* Deer in the klieg lights. She deflates. Sighs.

MRS. VOLOK

I'll go get him.

The Real Housewife of Santa Monica pads away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY (V.O.)

I could smell the pot roast. Talk about perfect timing.

MART VOLOK (45) appears in the door. Tall and thin with a belly. Casual in jeans and a sweatshirt. But the eyes tell it all. Razor-sharp. Dark and menacing. Appraising.

MART

You said you wanted to talk about the Tempel case? You have some information?

KELSEY

I might.

MART

Are you here to give yourself up?

KELSEY

You're a funny guy.

MART

I have my moments.

(beat)

You're the one who found the body, right?

KELSEY

Maybe.

MART

And beat the shit out of two of my officers?

KELSEY

Price of doing business.

MART

Come inside.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

A manly room with shelves of books and a big desk. Ambience heavy and quiet. Photos of cops on the walls. Awards. Trophies. Plaques. Rifles bolted to the wall on a rack.

Mart sits behind the desk. Kelsey in a chair in front of it.

MART (CONT'D)

So what do you want? You didn't come to my home just to tell me you didn't do it.

KELSEY

I want names --

MART

Names? What names?

KELSEY

Jackie Tempel's female associates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MART

And why would I do that?

KELSEY

Because I could help you.

MART

And why would you do that?

KELSEY

Whoever killed him has something of mine.
And I want it back.

MART

Would that have anything to do with the
semi-automatic weapons the officers
found?

(off her stare)

I can't figure you out. You come here,
ask ME questions, and then have the nerve
to ask me to give you information. Why
would I do that?

KELSEY

I dunno. You're a good guy? You wanna see
justice done?

MART

Look. I know you didn't kill him, okay?
The timing of when the call was made to
us was doesn't fit. And the story about
going to the corner store checked out.

(beat)

My gut tells me you're dirty. What's the
story with the guns? Were you in on that
heist at the rock concert?

KELSEY

Heist? At a rock concert?

Pause.

MART

What's your name?

KELSEY

Jane. Jane Doe.

MART

Okay -- *Jane Doe*. I'm investigating a
murder, NOT a robbery. But in order to
keep my perp from flying the coop, I've
let the media concentrate on the search
for you. But I'm not searching for you,
Robbery is. They figure you were in on
it, given the weapons in the closet.

KELSEY

Did it ever occur to you that the guns
were Jackie's?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MART

That punk? He was a low-level errand boy, not a hard-bitten pro like you. From where I sit, you reek of heister.

KELSEY

I want names.

MART

You've got to be fucking kidding me.

KELSEY

You've got nothing. No suspects for the murder, OR the robbery. Give me the names and maybe I can stir things up a little.

MART

You mean FUCK things up a little --

Pause.

KELSEY

I bet your wife was quite the dish back in the day.

MART

What the fuck --

KELSEY

(hisses, sharp)

But I guess after having the kids, her figure kinda went to mush, huh?

MART

Now, LISTEN --

KELSEY

NO. You listen to ME. You think I came here ALONE?

(off his shocked look)

Give me the fucking NAMES.

MART

From the bulges in your jacket I can tell you're carrying at least two weapons.

KELSEY

And from the bulge in your gut I can tell you can't do two sit-ups.

MART

I have a gun holstered on my hip. From that position, I'm the fastest draw on the force.

KELSEY

Must be nice to come home to a home-cooked meal every night. Bet you even read to the kids before bedtime.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

MART
Don't you DARE threaten my family --

KELSEY
I want the fucking NAMES.
(quietly)
And then when I get what I want, what was
TAKEN from me -- I deliver them to you on
a silver platter. With a nice, big bow.

MART
Do you really expect me to --

KELSEY
I bet she makes really good mashed
potatoes --

Pause.

MART
Okay. You win. This round.

He opens up a notebook on the desk. Pulls off a blank piece
of paper. Turns to a page. Looks at it. Grabs a pencil.
Starts writing --

MART (CONT'D)
But know this. All of these people are
under surveillance, and if you get within
fifty feet of them, you're gonna be
behind bars so fast your head will spin.
GOT it?

Kelsey watches him. Smiles like a cat.

KELSEY
Well, I hope at least I'll have time for
desert --

EXT. STADIUM GATE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Ludo carries a fold-up chair and a newspaper. Sets the chair
down next to the gate. Puts the paper on it.

He turns toward Chick. Interlocks his fingers together. Holds
them down below his knees. Chick steps onto Ludo's hands and
GRABS the bars. Ludo then HOISTS Chick up. He GRABS the top.

Ludo GRABS Chick's feet and PUSHES him up higher. Chick
squeezes through the opening at the top of the gate and drops
down on the other side with a soft THUD.

Ludo pulls down his scarf. Sits. Starts reading the paper.

IN THE MERCEDES

Ronan turns. Looks at Kelsey. Staring out the windshield.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONAN
Been awhile since we worked together.

KELSEY
(eyes straight ahead)
Seems like old times --

RONAN
(stares at her, fidgets)
You never get nervous, do you.
(off her silence)
I get a bit -- on edge. Then when the job
gets going, I calm down. Kinda go onto
auto-pilot.

KELSEY
(sees something)
Don't look now, but we're coming in for a
landing.

LUDO

Gets up from his chair. Stretches and yawns.

KELSEY AND RONAN

Get out of the car. Go the trunk. Open it. Ronan takes out
two large duffle bags. Kelsey grabs a large suitcase. They
carry them over to Ludo.

LUDO
(takes Kelsey's bag)
Gate's open.

KELSEY
Then let's go make a charitable
withdrawal.

EXT. SHITTY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A plain, ordinary cement joint on the outskirts of town
brought to you by the color grey.

Jefty walks up the front walk. Gets to the front door.
Searches the mailboxes for a name. Finds it. RINGS the bell.
Nervously fingers the clipboard he's carrying.

KELSEY (V.O.)
The gag was taking a survey about
entertainment habits. *What were you doing
last night? Watching TV? A DVD? Cruising
the internet? Social networking? Playing
a videogame?*

(beat)
If they were quick to respond, we knew
they weren't a suspect. Anybody who had
killed someone that violently and robbed
them of two bags stuffed with cash would
react in some way that'd be noticeable.

(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Simple. Easy. Something *anybody* could
do --

The door BUZZES. Jefty walks in.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Shitty, stained carpet. A door OPENS down the hall. A tough-looking YOUNG CHICK (20's), tattooed and pierced leans out the doorway. Rubs her black jeans.

TATTOOED CHICK
What do you want?

JEFTY
Are you the woman of the house?

TATTOOED CHICK
Who wants to know?

JEFTY
I'm with the Global Media Group. We're
doing a survey about entertainment
habits.

TATTOOED CHICK
Entertainment habits?

JEFTY
Yeah. You know, do you watch TV or DVD's,
do you go on the internet --
(big smile)
Can I come in? It'll just take a minute,
I promise.

TATTOOED CHICK
What the fuck. C'mon in.

She ducks in. Jefty follows her.

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jefty follows her into the threadbare living room --

JEFTY
Thanks for letting me --

Where he sees two BIG PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES in cheap suits and cheaper haircuts. Standing in the middle of the room.

NASTY PLAINCLOTHES DICK
Taking a survey, huh? Can we see some
identification?

JEFTY
(starts to freak out)
I, uh -- uh --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UGLY PLAINCLOTHES DICK
What's the matter, son -- cat got your
arrest record?

JEFTY
Sorry -- I made a mistake --

He turns around and RUNS for the door. The cops WHIP OUT
their guns. DASH after him.

TATTOOED CHICK
GET the fucker!

IN THE CORRIDOR

Jefty RUNS. TOSSES the clipboard. Pulls his gun out of his
pocket. Looks for a place to get rid of it.

The cops see the gun. SHOUT out --

UGLY PLAINCLOTHES DICK
STOP, POLICE --

NASTY PLAINCLOTHES DICK
Put the weapon DOWN or we'll SHOOT --

But he keeps running. Gets to the end. Starts to open the
door. The cops OPEN FIRE. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

Jefty's body JERKS like a puppet in a dance of death. SLAMS
against the door. Slides down, red smears on the glass.

NASTY PLAINCLOTHES DICK (CONT'D)
Your show's been CANCELLED.

EXT. BOX OFFICE ENTRANCE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Chick holds a small, thin flashlight. A small sliver of light
hits Kelsey, Ronan and Ludo's feet.

CHICK
Hey, hey. The gang's all here. Follow me.

They walk off into the darkness.

EXT. BOX OFFICE - DOOR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Chick shines a light on the lock as Kelsey works a key.
It softly CLICKS open. She smiles. Quietly pushes the door
open. They file in.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Kelsey leads Ronan, Ludo and Chick up the stairs. They walk
slowly, carefully, so as not to make any noise.

INT. STAIRWELL - DOOR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Kelsey pulls out another key. Works it in the lock. It softly CLICKS open. She grabs the doorknob.

KELSEY
(whispers)
Follow me --

And the four of them walk in.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The heisters pad softly down the hallway. Get to a doorway at the end. A sign reads AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. Kelsey sticks a key in. Tries to turn it. No go.

KELSEY
Fuck --

LUDO
What's wrong?

KELSEY
It doesn't work.

RONAN
Maybe they changed the lock?

Chick puts his hand on Kelsey's shoulder.

CHICK
Let me try. The impression copy sometimes is a bit funky.

KELSEY
(hands him the key)
Knock yourself out.

CHICK
Allow me.

Chick sticks it in the lock, moves it back and forth in short, quick movements. His ear against the door. Listening. A soft *click*. He turns the knob, and the door swings open.

KELSEY
Mother-*fuck*. Where did you learn how do THAT?

CHICK
Ever heard of Freddie Fingers?

KELSEY
Hell, yeah. Legendary yegg.

CHICK
He was my cell-mate during a stretch in Ossining. Taught me everything he knew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDO
What the fuck is a *yegg*?

RONAN
You know, a Peterman --

LUDO
In *English*, please.

PUSH IN ON Kelsey. Amused. Holds up her keys. Jiggles them.

KELSEY
(whispers)
Safecracker --

EXT. OZONE AVENUE - NIGHT

Ozone Avenue. A bucolic, leafy walkway street at the north end of Venice Beach. A lone street lamp spills shards of diffused light through the trees. Quiet. Eerie.

Kasper walks down the sidewalk flanked on each side by old houses and small apartment buildings. He looks at the numbers. Stops at the gate of a Craftsman bungalow.

KASPER
Number thirty-two. This is it.

He looks at his clipboard. Thinking.

KASPER (CONT'D)
You can do it. You can do it.

Just then he hears the SQUAWK of a police radio.

FEMALE DISPATCHER (O.C.)
(electronic)
-- jumper off the roof at apartment complex, see the building manager --

Footsteps CLOMP-CLOMP nearby --

KASPER
Shit.

He ducks behind a big tree. Watches --

Two HOMICIDE DETECTIVES approach on foot. We recognize them as Nasty and Ugly Homicide Detectives from earlier in the story. Nasty speaks into his radio.

NASTY PLAINCLOTHES DICK
(into the radio)
This is Isaacs. We're at Ozone and Pacific about to pick up a possible suspect for questioning. Send some uniforms. We'll be there as soon as we can, copy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE DISPATCHER (O.C.)
Copy that, over.

The radio SQUAWKS.

UGLY PLAINCLOTHES DICK
The stakeout is set up, right?

ISAACS
Yeah. They'll pick up anybody that comes
to visit.
(puts the radio in his pocket)
C'mon, Nunn. Let's go see the pot dealer.

NUNN
Alleged pot dealer.

ISAACS
Yeah, RIGHT --

They start walking up the path to the front door.
Kasper comes out from behind the tree. Freaked.

KASPER
(whispers)
The fucking bitch. It was HER -- it's a
SET-UP.

EXT. OZONE AVENUE - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

A small parking lot behind a boardwalk restaurant facing the
end of Ozone. A shitty old Toyota Celica idles in the lot.

INT. TOYOTA CELICA - CONTINUOUS

Kasper sits behind the wheel. Pulls out his cell phone. GUNS
the engine. Starts driving. Punches a number. Listens.

KASPER
Jefty, it's Kasper. It's a set-up. The
bitch is playing us --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOMICIDE DETECTIVE SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

A WELL-DRESSED BLACK DETECTIVE (40's) holds Jefty's cell
phone to his ear. Big smile on his face.

DAPPER BLACK DETECTIVE
I think you might be right. Your friend
Jefty's DEAD.

KASPER
What the FUCK? Who the fuck IS this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAPPER BLACK DETECTIVE
 Detective Elwin Marr, homicide. If you
 come in and talk to us, I can make you a
 deal. Give up the others, I'll give you
 immunity. How's that sound?

KASPER
 Fuck YOU, pig.

Kasper SLAMS the phone shut. TOSSES it on the seat.

KASPER (CONT'D)
 (POUNDS the wheel)
 SHIT. FUCK. GODDAMMIT --

He STOMPS on the gas. The car FLIES down the alley.

KASPER (CONT'D)
 Fuckin' bitch is gonna PAY.

ELWIN

Gets up from his chair. Walks over to the doorway of a nearby
 office. The glass reads HOMICIDE. He gently knocks.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
 Come on in, it's open --

Elwin opens the door. Walks into --

INT. MART VOLOK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mart sits behind his desk going through some paperwork.
 Looks tired. Beaten down. NOT having a good day.

MART
 What's up?

ELWIN
 We just caught a break on the stadium
 job.

MART
 Oh, yeah? Really?

ELWIN
 (holds up the cell phone)
 One of the heisters just called the kid
 we shot at tattoo-girl's joint.

MART
 The fake survey thing?

ELWIN
 Yeah. I offered to cut him a deal, but he
 hung up.

MART
 Call long enough to trace?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWIN

Nah. And besides, I'm sure it's one of those prepaid disposable jobs.

(smiles)

Think the FBI can do anything with it?

MART

Are you fucking kidding me? Don't you watch *CSI*?

ELWIN

Shit. Maybe they could help me out at the track --

MART

You *STILL* playing the ponies? I thought you told me you'd been on a bad streak.

ELWIN

I've gotta new system. Gotta date with lady luck --

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A large room with cubicles and work stations. Drab. Functional. Cluttered. Eerie in the dim light.

Kelsey leads them to a door in the far corner. She opens it. They walk into --

INT. STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

A windowless room with shelves along the walls filled with boxes. Ludo and Ronan put their bags down. Look around.

CHICK

It's not much, but I call it 'hiding place.'

Ludo FLIPS on the lights. Lowers his scarf. Chick lowers his.

RONAN

Damn, that's bright. Shut 'em off.

KELSEY

Leave 'em on. It'll keep us awake.

LUDO

So what are we going to do to pass the time? I'm too keyed up to get any shut-eye.

CHICK

(pulls out a pack of cards)
Anybody up for a game of poker?

KELSEY

Good idea. It'll keep our wits sharp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ronan grabs a box. Puts it in the middle of the floor.

RONAN
Here's our table --

They all sit on the floor around the box.
Chick starts shuffling and cutting the cards.

CHICK
How about a little five-card draw?

LUDO
What about Texas Hold-em?

KELSEY
Fuck that yuppie shit. I say seven-card
STUD.

CHICK
I'm really starting to like this broad.
(starts dealing the cards)
Stud it is --

RONAN
So what are we gonna play for?

KELSEY
IOU's work for me.
(looks at her cards)
After all, tomorrow we're gonna be
rolling in it --

She turns her head. Smiles at Ronan.

EXT. VENICE SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Far from the beach, where The Hood changes block by block.
Small shitty houses with steel bars on the windows and doors.
NOT a safe area. Ugly rap music THUMPS in the distance.

A late-model SUV slowly creeps down the street.

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Ludo drives, looks at the numbers on the houses.

LUDO
Good thing I brought my fucking piece --
(sees the number)
Nice joint. Maybe I can get a deal on
some crack.

He pulls over to the curb. Shuts off the engine. Sighs.
Grabs the clipboard off the seat. Opens the door.

LUDO (CONT'D)
Here goes nothing --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludo climbs out. Shuts the door. Presses his autolock, THWIP. Starts going up the front walk. Gets to the front door. RINGS the buzzer.

INT. SHITTY RUN-DOWN HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Hip-hop on a boom box thumps over --

A real pig-sty. Dishes piled up in the sink. Fast food wrappers, pizza boxes and beer cans litter the joint --

Which is now actually a drug dealer's base of operations. Three HOT BLACK GANG-BANGER CHICKS (20's) sit at table in the kitchen measuring rocks of crack into small glass vials.

Another CHICK stands by the door holding an Uzi submachine gun. Narrows her eyes. Looks at the girls.

HOT UZI CHICK
Anybody expectin' company?

The girls look up. Shake their heads 'no.'

HOT UZI CHICK (CONT'D)
I'll go check it out. One of you go out the back and come around in front and back me up.

TALL GANG-BANG CHICK
Okay --

She gets up. Grabs a PISTOL WITH A SILENCER off the counter. Heads out the back. Hot Uzi heads toward the front.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. SHITTY RUN-DOWN HOUSE - NIGHT

Ludo stands on the stoop. Waiting. He RINGS the bell again. Peers in the window. Tiny bit of light spilling out behind the drawn shades.

LUDO
Hello. Anybody home?

Hot Uzi looks through the peephole. Makes a face.

HOT UZI CHICK
(under her breath)
Shit. Looks like a fuckin' COP --

She goes to the intercom. Presses the button. Speaks into it.

HOT UZI CHICK (CONT'D)
Who is it?

Ludo leans into the speaker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUDO
I'm from Global Media Group, doing a survey. I'm looking for Janice Michelle Jones.

Hot Uzi presses the gun up against the door.

HOT UZI CHICK
She don't live here no more.

LUDO
Are you sure? This is her last known address --

HOT UZI CHICK
I said she don't live here NO MORE. So get the fuck OUTTA here --

LUDO
Please. I just have a couple of questions. It won't take more than five minutes.

A gun saftey CLICK-CLICKS.

TALL GANG-BANG CHICK

Stands at the corner of the house. Gun aimed. Sneering.

TALL GANG-BANG CHICK
Bitch tol' you she don't live here no more, so why don't you get your WHITE ASS the fuck OUTTA HERE.

Ludo's eyes bug out. He starts to panic.

LUDO
Hey. I don't want any trouble. Put the gun down.

TALL GANG-BANG CHICK
You look like a cop to me. Are you a fuckin' COP?

LUDO
A COP? No, no, no -- I'm just here to take a survey, I swear.

TALL GANG-BANG CHICK
What part of GET THE FUCK OUTTA HERE don't you GET, white boy, HUH?

LUDO
Okay, okay, okay, I'm leaving.

He WHIPS AROUND to go -- and the clipboard hits the front of his jacket, opening it to reveal the Glock in his waistband.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TALL GANG-BANG CHICK
You ARE a fuckin' COP!

She SHOOTs him. THWIP, THWIP, THWIP. Ludo looks down. Sees three red blossoms forming on his white shirt.

LUDO
You fucking -- shot --

Another shot HITS him in the forehead. THWIP.
He pitches backwards. Hits the cement with a THUD.
The front door FLIES open. Hot Uzi looks out. Sees Ludo.

HOT UZI CHICK
What THE FUCK?

TALL GANG-BANG CHICK
He had a GUN. He's a fucking COP.

HOT UZI CHICK
Shit, fuck, piss, COCKSUCKER. Not ANOTHER ONE --

Tall goes to Ludo's body. Grabs him by the ankles.

TALL GANG-BANG CHICK
Chill. We'll put him in the trunk with the other one. So we gots TWO to get rid of. What's the big deal?

HOT UZI CHICK
The BIG DEAL is your trigger-happy ass gonna get us capped one o' dese daze.

TALL GANG-BANG CHICK
Shut your pie-ho and help me move this fat guinea bitch. He's fucking HEAVY.

Hot Uzi comes out. Puts her gun over her shoulder by the strap. Grabs Ludo's wrists.

HOT UZI CHICK
Damn. Motherfucker's HEAVY.

TALL GANG-BANG CHICK
I TOL' you --
(beat)
Notorious PIG.

INT. FINANCE OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Kelsey and Chick stand near the front window. Watching. Ludo and Ronan are on either side of the door holding Uzis.

KELSEY
Here comes two of 'em. A guy and a girl --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHICK

Jeez. Check out the cans on THAT heifer.

(beat)

Sorry --

Everyone is quiet. Listening. We hear a key JIGGLING in the door. It OPENS, and in walk a NERDY GUY (20's) and a FAT CHICK (30's). Ludo and Ronan POKE them with their Uzis.

LUDO

Make a sound and you're shredded wheat, got it?

RONAN

Into the storage room. MARCH.

Nerdy and Fat look at each other. Freaked. They nod, look down, and start walking. Ronan follows them. Ludo takes position at the door again. Kelsey joins him.

CHICK

Here comes one of the guards.

(beat)

Careful. This guy is BIG.

Footsteps POUND-POUND-POUND outside the door. It OPENS.

In walks a THREE-HUNDRED POUND MONSTER. I mean, this guy is BIG. The love child of Refrigerator Perry and Oprah. Ludo points his Uzi at Monster Guard. Takes a step back.

LUDO

Don't move. Stay right where you are.

MONSTER GUARD

Fuck YOU.

Quick as lightning, he reaches out and SWATS the gun out of Ludo's hand. GRABS him around the throat with his meaty paws.

MONSTER GUARD (CONT'D)

Nobody gonna rob MY office --

Kelsey RACES over. PISTOL-WHIPS him on the head with her gun. But it does no good. He blinks. Keeps squeezing Ludo's throat, who's face is now turning bright red.

Kelsey pulls out a silencer. Screws it on her gun --

Just as Chick walks up and CRACKS a folding chair over his head, BANG. Monster lets go of Ludo. Takes a step back, weaves a little, then falls over, hits the floor with a THUD.

KELSEY

The bigger they are --

CHICK

The harder you have to smash' em over the head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUDO
(rubbing his neck)
I actually starting seeing stars, like in
the cartoons --

KELSEY
(to Chick)
C'mon, help me drag him into the storage
room.

They each take an ankle. Give him a YANK. But he won't budge.
Ludo looks at them. Smiles.

LUDO
Let me do it. I could bench press that
fat fuck.

Kelsey and Chick step back. Ludo GRABS his ankles.
Starts pulling him across the floor to the back.

CHICK
Impressive.

KELSEY
That's what I call *dead weight*.

The door CLICKS. Kelsey leans down, picks up Ludo's Uzi.
Takes aim. It OPENS. THREE GUARDS file in, holding Starbucks.

CHICK
(waves his gun)
Stop right there, fellas.

KELSEY
Reach for your piece, and it's lights
out, right in the mochachino.

SURLY GUARD
(GRABS his piece)
What the FUCK?

CHICK
You heard the lady. Get your hand OFF THE
GUN.

ANGRY GUARD
(hand on his piece)
But there's three of us, and two of you.

CHICK
That may be, but this semi-automatic
weapon will turn you into Swiss cheese
faster than you can say 'Mall Cop.'

SURLY GUARD
HEY. There's no need to be NASTY.

RONAN (O.C.)
If you don't get your asses over here in
two seconds --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Reveal RONAN. Ten feet away. Pointing HIS Uzi at them.

RONAN (CONT'D)
Nasty is just the BEGINNING.

WIMPY GUARD
C'mon, guys. These people man BUSINESS.
It's not worth DYING for --

Surly and Angry take their hands off their guns. Sigh.
All three start walking toward the back.

CHICK
(looks at Kelsey)
I almost had a coronary --

KELSEY
No time for that. Take a deep breath. We
still have four more employees on the
way.

CHICK
Don't worry. Figure of speech.

KELSEY
Great work with the chair, by the way.

CHICK
Thanks. I was trained by the best.

KELSEY
Army? Marines?

CHICK
Nah. Parents had eight kids --

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - ELWIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Elwin sits behind his desk. Mart leans against the wall, sips
a cup of coffee. Standing in front of the desk are two
SERIOUS-LOOKING FBI AGENTS (30's).

SERIOUS-LOOKING FBI AGENT
(into his cell phone)
Great, thank you. We'll keep you posted.

Meet REN ROSEN. Stiff. Formal. No-nonsense. Poster boy for
the Feds. Boyish good looks. Hence the overcompensation.

REN
We have the location.

ELWIN
That was fast --

MART
Shit, yeah --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The other agent, MEG STARK, a tall, curvy brunette gives them a wry smile. Adjusts her glasses. Purses bright red lips.

MEG
Simple triangulation equation from the satellite. We can track a text message from a moving vehicle in thirty seconds.

ELWIN
Damn.

REN
Signal came from The Venice Motor Court. I assume that's a hotel at the beach?

MART
Damn straight it is.

MEG
How far away?

ELWIN
Ten minutes?

REN
Then let's go --

MART
You mean you WANT us to come with you?

Ren nods curtly. Heads for the door. They all follow.

ELWIN
(to Mart)
Well, THAT'S a first --

MEG
(to Mart and Elwin)
Ren believes that cooperation between local and federal authorities is the most efficient method of solving crime.

MART
Amen, sister --

EXT. SHITTY BUNGALOW - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

It's late. Light spills out from a single window in the back.

ACROSS THE STREET

An ancient Dodge Dart Swinger is parked. A sickly puke green. We see a woman's face in the window. Smoking.

IN THE CAR

We see her up close. She's kinda hot, in a tough, biker-chick kind of way. Severe black hair with bangs, ala Bettie Page.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Meet DOLL MONTANA (20's), former juvenile delinquent, now on the road to career criminal. Pale skin you get from doing LOTS of drugs. She HONKS a line of meth off her compact.

THE FRONT DOOR

Of the bungalow opens. Out walks Kelsey. She lights a smoke. Starts off down the sidewalk.

IN THE CAR

Doll's eyes shoot daggers at Kelsey. Watching her.

She opens the door of the car. Climbs out. Walks across the street. Stiletto boots CLICK-CLICK-CLICK on the pavement. Doll gets to the door. Opens it. Goes in.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Jackie Tempel lies on the side of the bed in the dim light. Back turned. Doll creeps in the room. Softly goes to the other side of the bed. Stares at him. Thinking.

She looks at the sword on the wall. Reaches up and GRABS it.

DOLL
Wake up, ASSHOLE. It's JUDGMENT DAY.

Jackie wakes up. BOLTS upright in the bed. Looks at Doll. Sees the sword. Starts to freak. Scared shitless.

JACKIE
D-d-doll. What are you doing here? Put the sword down. You could hurt somebody.

DOLL
No SHIT, shit-head. I'm here to FUCK YOU UP.

JACKIE
Wait, wait, wait -- what the FUCK? Just because we BROKE UP?

DOLL
We didn't BREAK UP, you fucking DUMPED ME.

JACKIE
Doll, I told you. I'm clean now. I still care about you -- but not that way.

DOLL
(waves the sword around)
So who's the NEW snatch? She looks old enough to be your MOTHER.

JACKIE
Doll, please. Put the sword down. She doesn't mean anything to me.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(beat)
Not like you did.

DOLL

Did? *Did?* *DID?*

JACKIE

Doll, I'm sorry, but I can't see you. My sponsor says I have to stay away from people that are using --

(beat)

PLEASE put the sword down. You're scaring me.

DOLL

SCARING you? Well, how's this for SCARY?

She stops waving it. Points the sword at him --

JACKIE

Doll. No. PLEASE --

And she PLUNGES IT into his neck, THWICK. Then KICKS IT. The sword CRUNCHES into the headboard. Pinning him like a doll. Blood oozes out. Starts staining the sheets.

DOLL

That'll teach you to FUCK with me.

Doll goes to the closet. Sees two big duffle bags. Grabs them. She lays them down. Zips one open. Sees it's STUFFED WITH CASH. Her eyes BUG OUT.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Holy fucking SHIT.

Doll ZIPS it shut. Wild, crazed look in her eyes.

DOLL (CONT'D)

I'm fucking RICH.

She GRABS both bags. Starts heading out the door. Stops. Looks at Jackie. His face a rictus of permanent surprise.

DOLL (CONT'D)

Who's sorry NOW, asshole?

INT. VENICE MOTOR COURT HOTEL - NIGHT

The lights are out. TV's on with the sound off. Kelsey lays on the bed. Smoking. She takes a swig of beer. Thinking.

KELSEY (V.O.)

Thank god the bimbo finally took a powder. I could finally have some piece and quiet. All that yack-yack-yacking was driving me crazy.

A loud POUNDING on the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KASPER (O.C.)
Open the fucking door, BITCH.

Kelsey turns her head. Looks --

KELSEY
Kasper?

She reaches over. Grabs her piece. Walks over to the door.
Puts her hand on the knob. Looks through the peephole.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
Keep it DOWN --

She slowly opens the door. DARTS to the side. Kasper SLAMS it open. RACES into the room. SLAMS it shut. Gun drawn. Wheels around. Sees her. Aiming her piece at him with two hands.

KASPER
You set US UP.

KELSEY
You're fucking crazy.

KASPER
No. YOU'RE fucking crazy for SETTING US UP. Now you're gonna DIE.

KELSEY
Put down the gun, Kasper. Nice and slow --

KASPER
Jefty walked right into a TRAP. The cops were there and they SHOT him, man.

KELSEY
They DID? How do you know this?

KASPER
The joint I went to was ALSO covered with pigs, so I called him, and some COP answered his phone, said he was DEAD -- THAT'S how I know.

KELSEY
Shit.

KASPER
So where is the MONEY, huh? You got it stashed some place?

KELSEY
Kasper. I didn't set you up. Now put the fucking gun down so we can figure out what to do.

A key turns in the door. It opens. In walks Ronan. He shuts the door. Kelsey and Kasper turn their heads. But keep their guns trained on each other.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RONAN
What the fuck is going ON?

KELSEY
Jefty's dead. Shot by cops. Asshole here
thinks I pulled a double cross and set
everyone up.

KASPER
Don't listen to her. She DID it, man.

Kelsey takes advantage of the moment and LUNGES at Kasper.
GRABS his gun, KNEES him in the groin. PISTOL-WHIPS him in
the head with her piece, CRACK.

Kasper HITS the ground, THWUMP. Holding his crotch. Groaning.

RONAN
Wasn't that a little excessive?

KELSEY
Fuck you. He accuses me of ripping
everybody off and points a gun at me?
(beat)
He's lucky he's still breathing.

RONAN
I -- see your point.

KELSEY
How did it go?

RONAN
No go. Turns out she moved. Roommate
situation. Went back home to mom and pop.
Roomie said the 'big city' didn't agree
with her.

Kasper slowly stands up. Glaring at Kelsey.

RONAN (CONT'D)
(to Kasper)
How did yours go?

KASPER
Like I told HER, I get there, and the
place was swarming with fucking COPS. I
tell you, she set us up.

KELSEY
Shut the fuck up, asshole. I don't take
any shit from a fucking DRIVER.
(to Ronan)
Miscalculation. I thought he was
bluffing. Didn't think they'd stake out
the ex-girlfriends, but they did. They
know the murder is connected to the
robbery.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RONAN
Yeah -- guess so.

KASPER
What? You're gonna BELIEVE her?

RONAN
Yes, I'm gonna believe her. I brought her
IN on this job. She's the fucking BEST,
and you don't get more jobs if you
fucking RIP-OFF the people you work with,
GOT IT?

KASPER
But, but --

RONAN
ZIP IT, you fucking WETBACK. You're hired
muscle, and nothing else. You do what we
fucking TELL YOU TO DO, *got it?*

KASPER
HEY. Wait a minute. You can't talk to me
like that.

RONAN
We can and you're gonna fucking TAKE IT.
You want your share of the money or WHAT?

KASPER
But I TOLD you, SHE'S got it --

Kelsey raises her gun. FIRES. THWIP. THWIP. THWIP. Three
shots to the chest. Kasper looks down in horror. Another
THWIP to the head. Right between the eyes.

He falls over, THWUNK.

RONAN
Jesus, Kelsey. Did you have to do THAT?

KELSEY
He wouldn't fucking SHUT UP

INT. STADIUM FINANCE OFFICE - DAY - FLASHBACK

We hear ROCK MUSIC playing outside. But muffled inside.

Two FEMALE EMPLOYEES (20's) sit at the money counting table
in the middle of the room. Kelsey and Ronan are now dressed
as guards and stand by the front door with guns.

IN THE STORAGE ROOM

Chick sits just inside the doorway with a machine gun trained
on the guards and other employees, now bound and gagged.

IN THE FINANCE OFFICE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ludo sits under the front counter with a machine gun aimed at the female employees at the money counting table.

A buzzer RINGS. Kelsey goes to the door. Opens it. A uniformed GUARD (20's) stands there, carrying a big bag of money. He eyes Kelsey appreciatively.

Another GUARD is behind him, his piece at the ready.

FLIRTING GUARD
(hands her the bag)
Well, hello there. Haven't seen you here before.

KELSEY
(takes it)
Let's keep it that way, huh?

FLIRTING GUARD
Ouch.

GUARD WITH GUN
She got you good.

RONAN
Barking up the wrong tree, fellas. She prefers 'the other white meat'

FLIRTING GUARD
So that's the way it is, huh? Your loss, honey --

KELSEY
And my gain. See ya later, fellas.

They smile and walk away.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
(to Ronan)
What's with the dyke stuff?

RONAN
Blue collar male bonding. It would have looked funny if I didn't crack a stupid joke.
(beat)
You know guys --

KELSEY
Too well.

Ronan brings the cash box over to the girls at the counting table. One girl starts stacking up the cash. Under the table are the duffle bags, which the other girl start filling.

The girl stacking up the cash starts HAVING A SEIZURE. FALLS off her chair. Starts THRASHING and JERKING on the floor, having SPASMS. Her eyes roll back into her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

 EPILEPTIC GIRL
GAAA --

 RONAN
What the FUCK?

 KELSEY
She's having a SEIZURE.

 RONAN
Is she gonna DIE?

 KELSEY
I DON'T KNOW.

The other girl JUMPS UP, looks at Epileptic in horror.

 CASH ROOM GIRL
She's epileptic. You need to put
something under her tongue, or she'll
SWALLOW IT.

 KELSEY
Like what?

 CASH ROOM GIRL
A pen, a spoon, something like that. You
want me to do it?

 KELSEY
Yeah, DO IT.

Cash Room RACES over to the Mr. Coffee machine. Grabs a
plastic spoon off the counter. RACES back. JAMS it in
Epileptic's mouth. She CLAMPS her teeth on it. WRITHING.

Cash Room holds her tight. Comforts her. Looks up at Kelsey.

 CASH ROOM GIRL
It's happened before --

Gradually, Epileptic starts calming down.

 KELSEY
What started it?

 CASH ROOM GIRL
(carefully)
Uh, stress --

 KELSEY
But she's okay?

 CASH ROOM GIRL
Yeah. But she needs to lie down for a
while. Can I --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KELSEY
Yeah. Take her back with the others.
(to Ronan)
Would you help her?

RONAN
Okay.
(walks over to her, turns his
head)
Close call, huh?

PUSH IN ON Kelsey's face. Relieved. Heart still pounding.

KELSEY
No fucking shit --

INT. ASSISTED CARE FACILITY - DAY ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

A large, airy room. Very fancy. Lush carpeting. Plush furniture. The best that money can buy.

Several SEVERELY RETARDED CHILDREN sit on the floor and listen to a PLEASANT-FACED NURSE read them a story.

But it's hard to tell if any of them are really listening. Each locked away in their own private world.

In a faraway corner, in front of a big picture window, Kelsey (30) sits with BURKE (10), her son. He's also severely retarded, with that faraway look in his eyes. Restless.

Together they're assembling Legos. Making a big building of some sort. Kelsey's doing most of the work, however.

KELSEY
Good job, Burke. Now why don't you show me where that piece would fit.

Burke stares off into space. Sticks the Lego brick he's holding into his mouth. Starts sucking on it.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
Take the Lego out of your mouth, Burke.
That's dangerous. You might swallow it.

He looks at her blankly. Pops it in his mouth.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
BURKE, NO.

Burke starts CHOKING. Face starts turning RED.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
(looks around)
Somebody HELP, he's CHOKING --

Out of nowhere, a pair of BURLY ORDERLIES appear. GRAB Burke. Try to get the piece out of his throat. He starts going into CONVULSIONS. Writhing and rolling around on the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY (CONT'D)
HELP HIM, HELP HIM!

Big Orderly gives him The Heimlich, CRACKS his chest from behind. The Lego goes FLYING out of his mouth. But he's still WRITHING and SCREAMING. They pick him up and take him away.

Kelsey watches them go. In complete shock. Numb. A KINDLY DOCTOR (60's) comes up to her. Touches her shoulder.

KINDLY DOCTOR
Not to worry, Ms. Hazard. He'll be just fine.

KELSEY
Wh-where are they taking him?

KINDLY DOCTOR
To his room. They'll give him a sedative. Not to worry.

KELSEY
Can I go see him?

KINDLY DOCTOR
It's best if we leave him alone so he can rest. Why don't you come back tomorrow?

PUSH IN ON Kelsey's face. Horrified. Heartbroken.

KELSEY
I have to go -- out of town --

EXT. SANTA MONICA - BAY STREET - BUNGALOW - NIGHT

An old Craftsman bungalow divided into three tiny apartments. Right down the street from where Jackie Tempel got skewered.

Chick comes walking down the sidewalk holding his clipboard. Reads the numbers on the houses. Stops at the Craftsman.

CHICK
I love these old homes. So much character.

He opens the gate. Walks up the path to the front door.

ACROSS THE STREET

Sitting in an unmarked car are Homicide Detective Isaacs and his partner Nunn staking out the joint. They both sip designer coffees. Isaacs sees Chick across the street.

ISAACS
Looks like we got ourselves another live one.

NUNN
Guy looks kinda old --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISAACS
Keep in mind these are heisters. Some of the pros keep working. There's no retirement age.

NUNN
Should we pop 'em now, or wait till he comes out?

ISAACS
It's fucking late. Let's go reel 'em in.

NUNN
Book 'em, Danno.

They start to get out of the car.

AT THE DOOR

A young HOT BLONDE (20) stands in the doorway. Looks at Chick intently. She's in her bathrobe, wearing glasses.

HOT BLONDE
Can I help you?

CHICK
I'm sorry to bother you so late. I'm with the Global Media Group, taking a survey. It'll only take a couple of minutes.

HOT BLONDE
A survey? What about?

CHICK
(smiles)
Your entertainment viewing habits. TV, the internet, video games --

HOT BLONDE
(looks over his shoulder)
Well, I'm kinda busy -- studying for finals. You said it will only take a couple minutes?

ISAACS (O.C.)
Thanks, Miss. We'll take it from here.

Chick turns around, sees --

ISAACS AND NUNN

Standing behind them. Holding up their badges.

ISAACS (CONT'D)
Detective Don Isaacs, homicide.

NUNN
Would you please come with us? We'd like to ask you some questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chick looks at them, startled. Like anyone would.

ISAACS
Strictly routine, of course.

CHICK
Why certainly, officers. Would you mind
telling me what this is all about?

The door CLICKS closed behind him.

ISAACS
We'll talk about it at the station if you
don't mind.

CHICK
No, of course not. I support law
enforcement.

NUNN
(to Isaacs)
Hey. Check it out. The old-timer just
pissed his pants.

Chick looks down. Sees the wet stain on his crotch.

ISAACS
Think he's got something to hide?

NUNN
Nah. Probably just forgot to wear his
Depends.

They both BURST into nasty LAUGHTER.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK

An ambulance is parked near the entrance with the back doors
open. Two boards rest against the back, serving as a ramp.

Kasper walks over to a tiny vintage Triumph Spyder right
behind it. Gets in. Starts it up. Then slowly drives it into
the ambulance. He crawls out of the car, then sits up front.

ON THE OTHER END OF THE WAREHOUSE

A big panel truck sits. It also has its back doors open.
And also has boards set up like a ramp at the end.

Jefty sits in a late-model Mercedes sedan parked behind it.
REVS the engine. Then slowly drives the car inside the truck.

A PAIR OF UNIFORMED COPS

Appear in the entrance. Walk over to the ambulance.

BEEFY COP
What's goin' on here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROOKIE COP

Look. He's got the little car inside the ambulance --

BEEFY

I see.

(to Garza)

Would you please step out of the vehicle?

Garza sees them. Gets out. Does a great job of hiding how freaked out he is. Flashes a big smile.

KASPER

Hello, officers.

(nods at the ambulance)

Pretty cool, huh?

BEEFY COP

Neat trick. What's it for?

KASPER

A movie.

ROOKIE COP

Really? Cool --

BEEFY COP

What kind of movie?

KASPER

It's an independent film. About a bank heist --

BEEFY COP

You don't say --

ROOKIE COP

Who's in it? Anybody famous?

KASPER

Luis Guzman --

ROOKIE COP

Who?

BEEFY COP

You'd recognize him. Great actor. Been in lots of films. *Boogie Nights*, *The Limey*, *Carlito's Way* --

(smiles)

I'm a bit of a film buff myself.

KASPER

Cool.

ROOKIE COP

What's the name of the film?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KASPER
The Heisters.

BEEFY COP
 Great title.
 (smiles)
 Well, we better get going. Good luck with
 it. Look forward to seeing it.

KASPER
 Thanks, officer --

ROOKIE COP
 Have a good day.

They walk away. Kasper watches them. Heaves a HUGE sigh of relief. Jefty comes up to him. Eyes bugged out.

JEFTY
 Holy fucking SHIT. I would have pissed my
 fucking PANTS.

KASPER
 I did.
 (looks down)
 Lucky for me they're black --

INT. SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kelsey and Ronan stand over Kasper's dead body. She lights up a smoke. Shakes her head.

KELSEY
 This job just went from bad to worse to
 FUCKED.

RONAN
 So what do we do with the body?

KELSEY
 I'm thinking --

She exhales a cloud of smoke. Starts pacing around the room.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
 Little fucker. I have an ace up my sleeve
 that I was gonna play, and that refried
 beaner had to gum up the works --

RONAN
 What's the ace?

KELSEY
 There was one name that the police had
 that wasn't on the cell phone.

RONAN
 Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY

Yeah. Figured Jackie deleted it because of a bad breakup, and that maybe she was some kind of unstable bitch.

(smiles)

Just the kinda broad that would pull this kinda stunt. Know what I mean?

RONAN

Uh -- yeah.

(beat)

What's her name?

KELSEY

Doll Montana. Right out of Raymond Chandler, huh?

RONAN

No shit.

KELSEY

Figured I'd wait until late at night and surprise her.

(gestures at the body)

But now, this --

RONAN

Tell you what. Why don't I stick him under the bed for now, you go talk to this Doll broad, and then when you get back we'll dispose of Dirty Sanchez.

KELSEY

Good idea. You should be here when the others come back.

RONAN

Yeah.

KELSEY

Okay. I've got my cell in case of an emergency.

She goes to the door. Puts her hand on the knob.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Hang tight. I've got a gut feeling about this.

RONAN

You know what they say. Always trust your gut.

Kelsey nods. Opens the door. Leaves. Ronan waits a beat. Goes to the door. Takes off the 'do not disturb' sign. Opens it. Peers down the hallway. Puts it on the outside.

Goes out into the hallway. Quietly shuts the door. Then starts following her.

INT. STADIUM FINANCE OFFICE - DUSK - FLASHBACK

The office gal sits at the table counting the last of the money and putting it in the duffle bags. Kelsey and Ronan stand nearby in their guard uniforms, watching.

KELSEY (V.O.)

We were almost done. We had all the money from the gate, the sun was setting and the concert was kicking into high gear.

(beat)

I'd normally be interested in checking out the bands, but since I was robbing the joint, that wasn't an option.

EXT. NEARBY STREET - DUSK - FLASHBACK

A side street near the stadium, which we can see in the background. The truck drives up to the curb. Parks. Jefty gets out. Walks around to the rear and opens the back doors.

He climbs inside. Pulls out the ramp-boards and puts them in place. Then gets back in. Moments later the Mercedes backs out and down the ramp. THUMP-THUMP-THUMPING on a flat tire.

Jefty gets out. Looks at the flat.

JEFTY

SHIT.

He opens the trunk. Searches it. But there's *no spare tire*.

JEFTY (CONT'D)

Fuck --

Jefty looks around. Street's deserted. He walks down the sidewalk, looking at the cars. Comes across an old, beat-up VW van. *With a spare tire mounted on the back.*

JEFTY (CONT'D)

Thank you, JESUS.

He pulls a wrench out of his pocket. Starts taking it off.

DEEP MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Want me to change the tire for ya?

Jefty WHIRLS AROUND. Sees a FILTHY HOMELESS MAN (30'S) pushing a shopping cart. Giving his best toothless smile.

FILTHY HOMELESS MAN

(nods)

I just needs two dollars --

Jefty stares at him. Freaking out. Pulls out his wallet.

CLOSE ON -

The wallet. In it, a lonely twenty-dollar bill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFTY

Grimaces. Yanks it out. Shoves it in Homeless' face.

JEFTY

Here's twenty. You never saw me. Got it?

FILTHY HOMELESS MAN

(SNATCHES it)

Thank you, JESUS.

He scuttles away. Big, goofy grin. Jefty watches him. Shakes his head. Gets back to work on the tire.

INT. VENICE MOTOR COURT HOTEL - FRONT DESK - NIGHT

Ren Rosen and Elwin Marr speak to the NIGHT CLERK, a small, thin slip of guy. Typical fussy queen.

Meg Stark and Mart Volok hang back and look around.

GAY NIGHT CLERK

Of course, detective. I'll help in any way I can --

ELWIN

We're looking for a Hispanic guy. He would have arrived here in the last hour or so.

REN

He was probably very agitated. Upset. Ring any bells?

GAY NIGHT CLERK

Oh, yes. There was this horrible-looking Mexican guy. But he didn't come to the desk.

ELWIN

You don't know which room he went to, do you?

GAY NIGHT CLERK

No. But he took the elevator up to the second floor.

REN

How many rooms on the floor?

GAY NIGHT CLERK

Ten, five on each side.

ELWIN

(to Ren)

Our luck it's a small place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REN
 (nods, to the clerk)
 Can we see the register, see who's in
 each room?

GAY NIGHT CLERK
 Sure thing.

He gets the register. Opens it. Looks up. Realizes.

GAY NIGHT CLERK (CONT'D)
 Is this person -- dangerous?

ELWIN
 Very --

REN
 And the people he's visiting are even
 more dangerous.

GAY NIGHT CLERK
 There won't be a -- shoot-out or
 anything, will there?

ELWIN
 (smiles)
 We usually try to avoid that.

GAY NIGHT CLERK
 (sighs)
 Thank god for THAT --

He looks in the book. Scans the room numbers with his finger.
 Looks up. Smiles.

GAY NIGHT CLERK (CONT'D)
 You're in luck, gentlemen. It's off-
 season. Only two rooms are occupied on
 the second floor.

REN
 Who's in the first room?

GAY NIGHT CLERK
 (looks, reads)
 Yuri and Olga Chechnikov. Russian
 tourists, I guess.

ELWIN
 And in the second room?

GAY NIGHT CLERK
 (reads)
 Uh -- John Smith.

REN
Bingo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELWIN
Room number?

GAY NIGHT CLERK
Twenty-three. At the end of the hall on
the left. It's a suite. Has two
entrances.

Elwin looks at Ren. Narrows his eyes.

ELWIN
Great. Two escape routes, no waiting.

EXT. STADIUM - EAST GATE - DUSK - FLASHBACK

The ambulance drives up to the gate. A guard in the security booth sees it. Opens the gate and waves it through.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOVING - DUSK - FLASHBACK

Kasper sits behind the wheel in an EMS uniform. Waves back as he drives into the stadium.

INT. STADIUM - DUSK - FLASHBACK

A giant stage set up at one end. A ROCK BAND plays at a DEAFENING volume over the PA system. The stands are filled to capacity. But so is the field. *Stadium seating.*

The ambulance comes onto the field. Stops.

INT. AMBULANCE - DUSK - FLASHBACK

Kasper looks at the throng of people. Starts to freak out.

KASPER
Shit, shit, shit --

He pulls out his cell phone. Punches a number. Listens.

KASPER (CONT'D)
Pick up, pick up --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STADIUM FINANCE OFFICE - DUSK - FLASHBACK

Kelsey's phone RINGS in her pocket. She looks at Ronan.

KELSEY
SHIT.

RONAN
Fuck.

She whips it out. Answers it.

KELSEY
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KASPER

There's no fucking room, man. There's too many fucking kids on the field. What am I gonna do?

KELSEY

Shit.

RONAN

What's up?

KELSEY

(to Ronan)

The stadium's filled with kids. There's no room for the ambulance to get to us.

RONAN

Greedy bastards oversold it.

KELSEY

Wait. I've got an idea --

(into the phone)

Kasper. Tell the kids someone's OD'd, and you need to get through.

KASPER

That won't work. Half of them are on their way to OD'ing themselves --

KELSEY

It'll work if you tell them it's BONO.

KASPER

Nah. He's not that big anymore.

(beat)

But they' move if I tell 'em Jay-Z had a fuckin' HEART ATTACK.

KELSEY

Perfect. DO IT. Call me back if you have any problems.

KASPER

You got it, baby. I mean -- chief.

He hangs up. Grabs the radio mike. CLICKS it on. Raises it to his lips --

EXT. STADIUM GROUNDS - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

LOUD ROCK MUSIC. Throngs of TEENAGE KIDS yell and scream and sing along. Jumping up and down. Dancing. Drinking. Partying.

The ambulance starts moving very slowly. Kasper's voice comes BOOMING over the loudspeakers.

KASPER (O.C.)

(electronic)

ATTENTION, ATTENTION.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KASPER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Jay-Z has had a HEART ATTACK. Please move out of the way and let the VEHICLE THROUGH.

The kids hear him. Turn and look in horror. Suddenly the crowd parts like the Red Sea. Kasper starts driving through.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

We see Doll Montana's apartment building. Light from a single street lamp makes it glow in the thick fog that's rolled in.

Kelsey's car drives by. Parks in the alley. She gets out. Starts walking toward the building. Grim. Determined.

EXT. STADIUM FINANCE OFFICE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The ambulance pulls up next the building and stops.

INT. STADIUM FINANCE OFFICE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Chick and Ronan finish tying up the girl who counted the money. Chick then leads her in the back to join the others.

Kelsey ties a rope to the handles of the duffle bags. Drags them over to the window. Then ties the other end to the leg of a desk. Ronan helps her carry them over to the window.

EXT. STADIUM FINANCE OFFICE - PARKING LOT - FLASHBACK

The bags come out the window, then down the side of the building to where Kasper is waiting for them.

Kasper takes the cases and puts them in the trunk of the Triumph Spider nestled inside the ambulance.

Then, one by one, Kelsey, Ronan, then Chick, and finally Ludo come down the rope and walk up to the vehicle.

Ludo, still in his guard uniform, gets in the passenger side next to Kasper. Ronan and Kelsey squeeze behind the back of the seat and the Triumph, and Chick gets into the car.

Kasper starts up the ambulance, HITS THE SIREN and starts driving it toward the west gate.

KELSEY (V.O.)

Now that we were in the stadium, we didn't have to leave the same way we came in. We could exit through the west gate near the backstage area, which had been closed to vehicles during the concert, but was now open so the bands could leave.

The ambulance ROCKETS toward the gate, then slows. A long, black limousine starts to go through. Then stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE AMBULANCE

Kasper HITS the brakes. POUNDS on the steering wheel.

KASPER
What the FUCK. MOVE it --

KELSEY
They can't hear the siren because of the
music --

RONAN
Goddammit.

LUDO
What are we gonna DO?

THE LIMO'S BACK DOOR

Opens. A tall, thin ROCK MUSICIAN (20's), dressed like an Edwardian dandy FLIES OUT. Projectile VOMITS a spew of brown slime. Weaves a little. Shakes his head.

A BANDMATE gets out. Walks over. Checks to see if he's okay.

IN THE AMBULANCE

Kelsey looks at Kasper.

KELSEY
Gimme the mike to the PA.

Kasper grabs it. Offers it to her.

KASPER
Here --

She leans over the seat. SNATCHES IT from his hand.
CLICKS it on.

NEAR THE GATE

Bandmate tries to pull Edwardian back in the limo, but the rocker still looks shaky.

KELSEY (O.C.)
(LOUD)
Hey, DANDY WARHOL. Get the FUCK back in
the vehicle and MOVE IT. We've got an
EMERGENCY here. A man is DYING --

They WHIP their heads in her direction. Freak out. SCRAMBLE back in. SLAM the door. The limo TAKES OFF like a rocket.

IN THE AMBULANCE

Kasper puts the car into gear. Starts following the limo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KASPER
Good work, boss.

PUSH IN ON Kelsey's face. Pissed off.

KELSEY
C'mon, let's blow this Lollapalooza-
fuck.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

The standard tiny, grey, shitty cinder block room that we've seen in a zillion movies and TV shows.

Chick sits on a wooden chair at a piece of crap table. Detective Nunn sits on the other side of the table. Isaacs leans against the wall working a toothpick in his mouth.

NUNN
(SLAPS the table)
BULLSHIT. We got you, old man. You had IN YOUR POCKET a list of all the chicks Jackie Tempel was dating.

CHICK
I know my rights. I want to call my lawyer.

NUNN
But we haven't CHARGED you with anything yet, gramps. We're just QUESTIONING you.

Chick stares sullenly.

ELWIN
It'll go alot easier on you if you'd just talk to us. We've got you involved in a robbery AND a murder --

CHICK
Murder? I've NEVER been involved in killing someone --

NUNN
Well, you have this time, old fella. We've put it all together. Whoever killed Jackie Tempel took the money that was stashed at her joint after the robbery. And it was ONE OF YOUR CREW --

ELWIN
You give them up, and we'll cut you a deal. If not, you're looking at ALOT of time, which at your age is the same as a death sentence. Do you really want to die behind bars? Spend the rest of your days sucking on cocks instead of cigars?

CHICK
Of COURSE not --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NUNN

Oh, look. He's starting to crack.

CHICK

What kind of a -- deal?

ELWIN

You give them up, we'll give you immunity. Let you walk.

NUNN

Your rap sheet is longer than the BP oil spill. From where I stand, that's a pretty fucking good deal.

CHICK

Let's just suppose I did that -- IF I was involved -- these people would hunt me down to the end of the earth.

ELWIN

That's what the witness protection program is for, old man. For shitheads like you that squeal on your fucking LOW-LIFE CRONIES.

NUNN

You had THE LIST in your pocket. That's as good as a DEATH CERTIFICATE.

Pause.

CHICK

Okay. I'll give you everything. But first I want to talk to my lawyer. Okay?

ELWIN

No can do, pops.

CHICK

You realize this means my life is over, right?

NUNN

That's what we've been trying to TELL you.

ELWIN

Who organized the heist?

Pause.

CHICK

Guy by the name of Ronan. Ronan Kenny. Then he brought on this big shot planner. Name's Kelsey Hazard. One of the best in the business.

NUNN

A BROAD? Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ELWIN

Wait a minute. Wasn't that the chick that gave Mart Volok the business at his house? I heard she was one scary bitch. Was packing heat. Threatened to hurt his family.

CHICK

(nods, grimaces)
That would be Kelsey --

EXT. STADIUM - WEST GATE - STREET - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

The ambulance ROARS down the street. Gets to the first intersection. The siren STOPS. Drives past the next corner, then pulls over and parks.

Ludo jumps out. Opens the rear doors. Chick gets out, and the two of them adjust the ramp-boards. Kelsey sits behind the wheel, and slowly backs the Triumph out of the ambulance.

Ludo and Chick get back in, and Kasper drives off.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - MOMENTS LATER - FLASHBACK

The ambulance pulls up to an abandoned warehouse. Stops. Ronan, Ludo and Chick get out, and head over to the Mercedes, which we see is parked behind the big panel truck.

Ronan opens the door. Gets behind the wheel. Ludo and Chick pile in, and they drive off.

KELSEY (V.O.)

We were home free. Ronan would drive Chick and Ludo to the motel they were going to hole up at, and then ditch the car near where he was going to stay.

Jefty opens the back of the truck. Kelsey comes over and helps him adjust the board-ramps, then drives the Triumph into the truck. Jefty closes the doors and gets back in.

He starts the engine. Pulls the truck out, does a U-turn and heads back toward the stadium. A phalanx of SQUAD CARS come ROARING toward them, sirens SCREAMING.

KELSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The crowning touch was driving the truck back in the direction of the stadium -- travelling in the opposite direction the heisters would theoretically be going.

INSIDE THE TRUCK

Kelsey sits behind the wheel of the Triumph. Lights a cigarette. Leans back. Thinking. Exhales a cloud of smoke. Takes off her wig. Rubs her scalp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And now for the next week or so, the dough was my in my care. The job was successful. No one got hurt, and we were flush with a boatload of cash.

(beat)

But this was no time to relax. Even though I was due a little R&R, I had to keep my wits about me, because some serious shit was about to go down.

INT. DOLL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The woozy, sax-drenched cocktail swoon of Morphine plays on the hi-fi. The TV's on with the sound off. Some nature show. Cat lights a joint. Takes a big hit. Then cocks her head.

She hears something outside. Gets up, goes to the window. Looks out. Sees --

EXT. SPEEDWAY - NIGHT

An unmarked COP CAR sits idling across the street.

DOLL

Stares with horror.

DOLL

Fucking COPS.

Doll races to the coffee table. Stubs out the joint.

Hides it under the ashtray. Looks around the apartment wildly. Thinking. Then stops. Realizes.

DOLL (CONT'D)

The fucking MONEY.

She turns and heads for the kitchen.

IN THE KITCHEN

Doll goes to the back door. Opens it. Goes outside to --

THE REAR ALLEY

Where her piece of shit pea-green Dodge Dart Swinger is parked. She goes to the trunk. Fishes out her keys. Opens it.

EXT. VENICE ALLEY - NIGHT

Ronan's car pulls up behind Kelsey's. Parks. He gets out. Pulls out his gun. Starts walking toward Doll's building.

INT. HOTEL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Ren Rosen and Elwin Marr stand on either side of the door to room twenty-three. Guns raised. Ren KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKS loudly. SHOUTS.

REN
This is the FBI. OPEN THE DOOR. We've got
the place SURROUNDED.

Silence.

He BANG-BANG-BANGS again.

REN (CONT'D)
I repeat, THIS IS THE FBI. Open the door
NOW, or we're COMING IN.

Silence.

Elwin pulls a pass key out of his pocket. Ren nods. He puts the key in. Turns it. Carefully unlocks it, staying against the wall outside --

Ren KICKS it open with his foot. It FLIES open. They wait. Listening. Nothing. He nods at Elwin, and they RACE IN --

INT. RONAN'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

To find it empty.

REN
Shit.

ELWIN
Fuck.

Ren goes to the closet. Opens it. Nothing. Elwin goes to the bathroom. Looks. Empty. Ren goes the bed. Gets down. Looks under it. Smiles. Evil.

REN
We gotta dead heister under the bed.

ELWIN
Is it the chick?

REN
Nah. Some Hispanic guy. Ugly sonofabitch.

ELWIN
Crime doesn't pay. Or get you laid --

Elwin pulls out his radio. Speaks into it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELWIN (CONT'D)
 Hey, Mart. You and Stark come on up.
 They've flown the coop.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. VENICE MOTOR COURT HOTEL - NIGHT

Meg and Mart stand in the alley outside the window.
 Mart looks up. Speaks into his radio.

MART
 Damn. You guys find anything?

ELWIN
 We gotta stiff. Come on up.

MART
 Roger that. Over.

He puts the radio away. Looks at Meg.

MEG
 So?

MART
 They're gone. Except for one, who's dead.

MEG
 (big smile)
 Now we're TALKING.

MART
 You're -- happy about that?

MEG
 It's a fucking LEAD, detective. Of COURSE
 I'm *happy* --
 (beat)
 C'mon, let's go.

They start walking back to the hotel.

MART
 So -- you married?

Meg stops dead in her tracks. Stares at him. Eyes burning.

MEG
 Yeah. To my JOB.

She continues on.

MART
 Hey, I'm sorry. I just -- like a woman
 who's strong. In control.

PUSH IN ON Meg's face. Amused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NUNN

Yeah. Good idea. Let's go.

They get out of the car. Walk toward the building.

IN THE ALLEY

Doll TAKES OFF down the alley on foot. Kelsey sees her. CHASES AFTER her.

Ronan FLIES through the bushes. RUNS AFTER both of them.

AT THE CORNER

Doll sees a four-story apartment building under construction. It's covered with a maze of scaffolding, like catacombs. She starts climbing up.

KELSEY

Follows right behind. Starts climbing up after her.

KELSEY

Better watch your back, BITCH, cause I'm RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

DOLL

Looks down. Sees Kelsey climbing up. Sees a bucket lying on the next level. GRABS it. THROWS it down --

It HITS Kelsey in the head. BANG. She FLIES off the scaffolding. Hits the ground, BANG.

Ronan races up to the building. Panting. Out of breath. Kelsey gets up. Sees him.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

You goddamn fucking ASSHOLE.

RONAN

SOMEBODY had to break your streak, baby.

KELSEY

We were DRUNK, Ronan. It was NEW YEAR'S EVE. We'd just done a JOB. I wasn't looking for a RELATIONSHIP --

UP ABOVE

Doll looks down. Listens. Motionless.

ON THE GROUND

Ronan glares at Kelsey.

RONAN

You REJECTED ME. Arrogant BITCH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KELSEY

I gotta admit, it was almost brilliant.
So how did you get Jackie and Doll on the
hook?

RONAN

Are you KIDDING? It was EASY --

INT. BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Ronan sits at the bar with Jackie Tempel. Pours them beers
from a big pitcher. SLAPS him on the back.

RONAN (V.O.)

I'd heard from Jackie's boss that he
dumped his druggy girlfriend, so I made
him an offer he couldn't refuse.

JACKIE

Seriously?

RONAN

Easy money. You rock her world, and
there's ten large in it for ya.

JACKIE

But how do I know she'll go for me?

RONAN

Trust me. After a job she's like a cougar
in heat --

INT. DOLL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Doll and Ronan sit on the couch. Ronan finishes chopping up a
few lines of coke on the coffee table.

RONAN (V.O.)

And then reeling in Amy Winehouse was
like shooting fish in a rehab --

Doll SNARFS up a big, fat one. Then another. Shakes her head.
Rushing on the drugs. Eyes BLAZING

DOLL

Holy shit, is that UNCUT?

RONAN

Just like me, baby --

DOLL

(puts her hand on his knee)
So let me get this straight. I kill the
cocksucker, and we split a MILLION BUCKS?

RONAN

Yeah --
(big smile)
And I get to split YOU.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doll smiles. Evil. Reaches over. GRABS Ronan's crotch.

DOLL
Ooh. I see big boy is PACKING. This is getting better and better --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Kelsey stares at Ronan. Shakes her head with disgust.

KELSEY
Wait. Let me guess. And you had Little Miss Controlled Substance convinced you were gonna run off with her and live happily ever after?

RONAN
What do YOU think?

KELSEY
(yells up above)
You hear that, Doll-face? Your boyfriend was gonna double-cross you. You weren't gonna get SQUAT. Whattaya think about THAT?

DOLL'S

Eyes bulge. Her face turns red. She sees a pick-axe. Picks it up. Moves closer to where they're standing.

RONAN

Calls up to her.

RONAN
Don't listen to her, baby. She's a lying, filthy, rotten CUNT. She thinks her shit don't --

The axe goes WHIZZING through the air. It HITS Ronan on the top of the head with a sickening CRUNCH --

RONAN (CONT'D)
Stink.

And he falls over, THUD. Blood starts pouring down his head. Kelsey LEAPS BACK.

DOLL
There's plenty more where that came from, BITCH. So if you know what's good for you, STAY AWAY FROM ME.

Kelsey goes to the scaffolding. Starts climbing up.

KELSEY
Step into my parlor, said the spider to the fly --

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Nunn and Isaacs stand in the foyer. Nunn RINGS Doll's bell.

ISAACS
She's not in, I tell you --

NUNN
Intel said she's home every night.
Whattaya say we snoop around?

ISAACS
Yeah. Let's go check around the back.
Could use the fresh air and exercise.

NUNN
Good idea. Work off those donuts --

ISAAC
(smiles)
Fuck you.

They walk towards the alley between the building.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Isaacs and Nunn walk over to her rear window. Look in.

ISAACS
Funny. All her lights are on --

NUNN
Foul play?

ISAACS
(sees her car)
Car's here --

NUNN
So what? This is Venice. People WALK --

Isaacs stares at the car. Narrows his eyes.

ISAACS
Wait a MINUTE --

He walks over to the trunk. Looks down at the ground. Picks up a pair of bills. Waves them at Nunn

ISAACS (CONT'D)
Check it out. Couple of C-notes on the
ground. In VENICE?

NUNN
The STADIUM JOB --

Isaacs pulls out his service revolver. SHOOTS at the trunk,
BANG. Opens it. Sees the open duffle bag stuffed with cash.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ISAACS
Holy fucking SHIT.

NUNN
Somebody's getting a promotion --

ISAACS
No worries. I'll share the credit with you.

NUNN
Really? You'd do that for me?

ISAACS
Fuck, yeah. You're my partner. Now go call it in before you get all weepy-eyed and shit.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Kelsey climbs up the scaffolding. Pissed-off. On fire.

KELSEY (V.O.)
They say men think with their dicks. They also double-cross with them, too.
(beat)
I'd heard a gunshot nearby. Hopefully it was some gang-banger. If it was the cops, I was fucked.
(beat)
The money was so close I could taste it. All I had to do was get the car keys from the bitch up above me -- but given what she did to Ronan, I knew it wasn't going to be easy. I just had to watch my back --
(beat)
And my head.

She pulls out her cell phone. Punches a number. Listens.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
It's me. I've got her. Four-story building under construction a couple blocks away --
(listens)
YOU'RE gonna get it -- ?
(listens)
Okay. Gotcha. That'll work. Let me just wrap up this loose end and I'll meet you somewhere --
(listens)
Parking lot at the north end. Got it. See you there.

She keeps climbing.

ON THE ROOF

Doll looks down over the edge. Hears Kelsey climbing. She grabs some scraps of wood. Starts HURLING them down at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOLL
Stay AWAY FROM ME or I'll fucking KILL
YOU.

KELSEY

DUCKS under the scaffolding planks above her. The scraps of wood HIT above her.

KELSEY
You're gonna have to do better than THAT,
Goth-ip Girl.

She looks around in the darkness. Something metal glistens in the moonlight. A CROWBAR. She GRABS it. Continues her climb.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
Mommy's home, and she's PISSED --

A police siren WHOOP-WHOOPS in the distance. Kelsey turns. Hears it. Clutches the crowbar like a bat. Starts climbing.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
Time for your bed time story --
(beat)
But I'm afraid you're not going to like
the ENDING.

EXT. VENICE ALLEY - DOLL'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Isaacs shines his flashlight into the car. Searching. Nunn speaks on his cell phone.

NUNN
Mart, it's Nunn --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. VENICE MOTOR COURT HOTEL - RONAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ren Rosen and Meg Stark supervise the crime scene technicians. Kasper's corpse is zipped up into a body bag. Placed on a gurney. Wheeled out.

Mart Volok and Elwin Marr stand near the window, smoking. Mart talks on his cell phone.

MART
What ya got?

NUNN
Oh, not much --
(beat)
Just the fucking STADIUM JOB cash.

MART
What THE FUCK?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NUNN
You heard me --

MART
WHERE?

NUNN
In the trunk of one of the bimbos the
stiff was fucking, where else?

MART
Which bimbo?

ELWIN
(to Mart)
What's going on?

NUNN
Doll Montana.
(chuckles)
Right out of a B-movie --

MART
Don't remind me --
(cups the phone, to Elwin)
Isaacs and Nunn got the cash from the
stadium job.

ELWIN
They DID? Did they get the perps?

MART
I dunno --
(into the phone)
Did you get the bimbo?

NUNN
Nah. She split --

MART
(to Elwin)
They just got the cash --

Meg looks at them.

MEG
Did I just hear what I thought I heard?

MART
Yeah. Couple detectives got the stadium
job cash --

REN
(turns, looks)
WHAT? Where? When? HOW?

MART
Hold on --
(into the phone)
What's your location?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NUNN
Thirty-two Ozone Avenue. A block south of
Navy --

MART
We're on our way --
(beat)
Good job, detective. The captain is going
to be VERY happy. Sit tight. We're on our
way.

He CLICKS his phone shut. Isaacs stares at the money.
Picks up a banded wad of hundreds. Stuffs it in his pocket.

NUNN
(sees him)
Hey. What the fuck do you think you're --

Isaacs pulls out another stack. Tosses it to Nunn.

ISAACS
I can't -- keep this.

NUNN
So who's gonna know?

ISAACS
I will.

NUNN
And your point IS?

Isaacs looks at the money. Nods. Stuffs it in his pocket.

ISAACS
Almost lost my head there for a minute --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Kelsey climbs up the scaffolding, making it to the third
floor. She rolls inside onto the cement.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

She looks around in the spooky darkness. Walks over to the
stairwell in the middle of the room, which now has temporary
wooden plank stairs. She calls up to the next floor.

KELSEY
Did you really think you get away with
stealing MY MONEY? Huh, BITCH?

ON THE THIRD FLOOR

Doll stands near the stairwell opening. Looks around. Sees a
bucket filled with tools. She GRABS it. Tip-toes toward the
opening, and DUMPS it in the direction of Kelsey's voice.

ON THE SECOND FLOOR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The tools FLY DOWN. Kelsey sees them, starts to JUMP out of the way, but a hammer HITS her on the shoulder.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

OW!

DOLL

Hears her. Smiles. Evil. Looks for something else to throw. She finds a long two-by-four. Walks over to the stairwell.

KELSEY

Rubs her shoulder. Looks up into the opening.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

You just made the biggest mistake of your
LIFE --

(beat)

Which is now about to END.

She starts up the stairs --

Just as the two-by-four comes FLYING DOWN like a missile. It HITS Kelsey in the stomach, OOF -- and she goes FLYING BACKWARDS onto the floor with a CRACK.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Okay. Now I'm MAD --

She slowly gets up. Raises a fist.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Prepare to DIE, fuck-face.

And she CHARGES UP THE STAIRS.

DOLL

Hears her coming up, and RACES UP to the next floor.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - FOURTH FLOOR - NIGHT

Doll looks around. What to do? Where to hide? What can I use as a weapon? She sees a sledgehammer. Picks it up. Crouches down behind a stack of sheetrock.

Kelsey comes FLYING UP the stairs into the room. Looks around, searching.

KELSEY

You can run, but you can't hide, you
fucking CUNT. WHERE ARE YOU?

BEHIND THE SHEETROCK

Doll clutches the sledgehammer. Eyes darting madly. She pulls a coke snifter out of her pocket. Does a quick bump.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY

Circles the room. Looking for her. Sees a trash can. Takes off the lid. Holds it like a shield. Finds a length of pipe. Picks it up. Brandishes it like a sword.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
This is your last chance, girlie. Show yourself NOW.

Kelsey walks near the stack of sheetrock. Doll LEAPS UP and SMASHES the sledge hammer at Kelsey's head --

She BLOCKS the blow with the garbage can lid, but the impact drives it into her head and KNOCKS her over, THWUMP.

DOLL raises the sledgehammer over her head. Wild-eyed, face contorted in a bizarre grimace.

DOLL
Time to meet your MAKER --

Kelsey shakes her head. Sees Doll, and THROWS the pipe at her. It SMASHES into her chest. She FLIES backwards into the sheetrock, CRACK.

Kelsey slowly gets up. Head pounding. Doll raises the sledgehammer again.

KELSEY
Not so fast, BITCH --

She WHIPS the garbage can lid at her like a frisbee. It HITS Doll in the neck with a CRACK -- she lets go of the sledge hammer -- and it FLIES DOWN and hits Kelsey on the FOOT.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
OW!

Doll stares at her wild-eyed, clutching her neck, trying to breath -- and RUNS to the stairwell and FLIES UP the steps.

Kelsey gingerly puts her foot on the floor.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
FUCK --

She tries to walk, but it's hard. She's in PAIN. Picks up the pipe. Hobbles over to the staircase. Grabs the hand rail. Looks up into the darkness of the black sky above.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
Yo, GIRLIE. Got some great news. Just called Hell and made you a reservation. I hear Satan gives great *room service*.

Off in the distance, we hear police sirens WAILING.

EXT. VENICE ALLEY - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

A cluster of COPS and FBI clog the driveway. EVIDENCE TECHS are going over the car. Yellow tape surrounds the perimeter.

Mart and Elwin huddle with Meg and Ren.

REN
The money on the ground suggests that she was in a hurry.

MEG
Yeah, but why?

MART
Someone was chasing her?

ELWIN
Maybe she was trying a double-cross and got busted --

MART
Makes sense.

ELWIN
(looks at the car)
Why don't I take the cash to the station and log it into the evidence locker? Makes me nervous just sitting there like that. Never know what could happen. Those heisters might try something --

MART
Good idea. We've got Nunn and Isaacs canvassing the area. We'll join 'em.

ELWIN
Keep me posted. I'll come back later if you need me.

MART
You got it.

Elwin goes the car. Grabs the bags of money. Carries them over to his squad car. Puts them in the trunk. Drives off.

REN
(to the group)
Okay. Everybody fan out and canvas the area. I'm going to stay here and monitor the feed from the satellite.

MART
You think we'll be able to find her?

MEG
Oh, yes. Spy satellite can track a mole on Rush Limbaugh's ass from a hundred miles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MART

Really.

MEG

Really. Remember that trip he took down to --

(beat)

Never mind.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - ROOF - NIGHT

Kelsey hobbles up the stairs holding the steel pipe, emerges onto the roof. Sees Doll standing on the opposite side of the building. Brandishing a shovel with both hands.

DOLL

Stay the fuck AWAY FROM ME.

Kelsey holds the pipe like a baseball bat. Takes a practice swing. Starts limping toward Doll.

KELSEY

Sorry, kid. It's time for act three. The final curtain. Have any last words?

(beat)

Oh, wait. That would imply you could THINK.

DOLL

I said STAY AWAY FROM ME.

KELSEY

Did you really think you could get away with it? Ripping off a PROFESSIONAL HEISTER? Is your brain that DRUG-DAMAGED?

Doll holds the shovel to her side. JABS the air in front of her with it. Moves back toward the edge of the building.

DOLL

Ronan said you were an arrogant BITCH, and now I see he was RIGHT.

Kelsey moves closer to her, swinging the pipe.

KELSEY

Now that I see you up close, I can't believe he'd fuck such a filthy skank. I can smell you from HERE.

(beat)

Love the nose ring. Great for tugging on with a LEASH.

Doll SNAPS. She CHARGES at Kelsey with the shovel. Kelsey SWINGS the pipe down on it with a CRACK, sending it FLYING out of her hands to the ground --

Doll LEAPS into the air and GRABS Kelsey in a bear hug. The pipe goes FLYING and hits the tar paper with a CLANG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOLL
ARRRRRGHH --

Kelsey FALLS BACKWARDS, Doll on top of her. They roll around on the roof. Kelsey HEAD BUTTS her in the face. Doll FLIES away from her. Holds her bloody nose in her hands.

DOLL (CONT'D)
You broke my --

Kelsey stands. Raises her fists.

KELSEY
Oh, we're just getting started, hot stuff. It's your choice. Wanna go over the side, or should I finish you off right here?

Doll whips her head back and forth looking for a weapon. Can't find one. She raises her fists. Starts hopping on the balls of her feet like a boxer.

DOLL
Fuck YOU. Come and get it --

Kelsey starts rolling her fists.

KELSEY
I was hoping you'd say that.

She gets nearer. Doll takes a SWING. Kelsey feints to the left, then SMASHES her fist into Doll's face with a CRACK. She FLIES back wards. Staggers a bit.

KELSEY (CONT'D)
Saw that one in RAGING BULL. Ready for more?

Doll SCREAMS. CHARGES at her, fists flying. Kelsey JUMPS to the right. Doll goes FLYING across the roof, TRIPS on a board. Hits the ground.

Kelsey resumes her stance. Doll gets up. Blood dripping from a gash on her forehead.

DOLL
(low, feral)
I'm gonna fucking KILL YOU.

She CHARGES again. Kelsey SPINS AROUND and KICKS Doll in the stomach, knocking the wind out of her. She FLIES backwards, feet trip on the ledge, and she FALLS OVER THE SIDE.

We hear her SCREAM as she goes down. Then a sickening CRUNCH. Kelsey goes to the ledge, limping.

KELSEY
Thank god. Don't think I could have done that again --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She looks over the side.

CLOSE ON --

Doll's body. Lying near Ronan's on a pile of broken bricks.

ON THE ROOF

Kelsey starts for the stairs, then hears --

MART (O.C.)

Over there. It came from the
constructions site.

(beat)

All units, they're at the construction
site --

She turns. Dashes over to the opposite side. Starts climbing
down the scaffolding at the rear of the building.

KELSEY

Goodbye, Dolly --

EXT. VENICE BEACH PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A patrol car sits idling at the very north end of the lot
near the entrance. Kelsey trots over to it, limping a bit.
She gets in. SLAMS the door.

INT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Elwin sits behind the wheel. Smiles at Kelsey.

ELWIN

Ding, dong, the bitch is dead?

KELSEY

Follow the yellow brick smashed on her
head.

(beat)

You got the dough?

ELWIN

Does a bear shit in the woods?

KELSEY

Solid. Where to, the airport?

ELWIN

Charter flight to Mexico awaits --

He puts the car into gear. Starts driving.

ELWIN (CONT'D)

You never told me. What are you gonna do
with your half-mil? Retire?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY

Thought I'd go cruise around Europe for a year or so. Never been.

(beat)

But I'll be back. A half-million isn't going to last forever.

(beat)

And besides, I'm a heister. It's in my blood.

Elwin nods. Turns east on Navy Street.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

Mart, Nunn and Isaacs find Ronan's body. Ren and Meg examine Doll's corpse. They call it in. Start combing the area for evidence. A trio of SQUAD CARS pull up, lights FLASHING.

KELSEY (V.O.)

The plan was simple. I knew every detail about the heist because I planned it -- and where the money would end up afterward.

INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Elwin drives. Kelsey looks out the window. Thinking.

KELSEY (V.O.)

We knew there was going to be a double-cross, so all Elwin had to do was tail Ronan and see what he was up to -- and then between the two of us working both sides of the law, we could connect the dots. It got a little hairy there for awhile, but we pulled it off.

EXT. SIDEWALK CAFE - DAY - FLASHBACK

Kelsey and Elwin sit at a table outside. It's deserted. Late. No one else around.

ELWIN

Give me one reason I don't take you in right now.

KELSEY

How about a half-a-million reasons.

Elwin sips his coffee. Narrows his eyes.

ELWIN

How I do I know I can trust you?

KELSEY

I've never been caught. And I've got a score to settle. With you on my team, it's a slam-dunk.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Word on the street is you're into Jimmy Two-Fingers for fifty-K betting on the ponies, and I had funny feeling offering you a half-million tax free would be a home run.

He stares at her a long beat. Then breaks into a big smile.

ELWIN

Let's play ball.

INT. BAR - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Kelsey sits at a booth, Ronan across from her. Talking earnestly. Kelsey smokes. Watching him, stone-faced.

KELSEY (V.O.)

I knew something was up when Ronan first approached me about the job. A little over a year ago we'd had what I thought was a minor fling after a big heist. It was New Year's Eve, I had too much to drink, and got careless. The first rule of Heist Club is *don't get involved*.

(beat)

But the kicker was, he'd fallen in love with me. And after I ended it, he mooned around like a teenage kid. The only way I could make a clean break was to leave town -- so when he contacted me through my go-between about a new job, red flags started flapping in the breeze.

INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Kelsey lights a cigarette. Rolls down the window. Feels the warm night hair blow on her face.

KELSEY (V.O.)

I learned a valuable lesson. NEVER fuck a heister.

(beat)

Because if you don't watch out, they'll fuck you right back.

Kelsey says something to Elwin. He pulls the car over to the side of the road. She smiles. Opens the car door --

WHIPS OUT her pistol. SHOOTS him in the chest. BANG. BANG. BANG. Elwin slumps over. Dead.

KELSEY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Oh, yeah. One last thing.

(beat)

Never *trust* a heister.

(beat)

It could get you killed --

FADE TO BLACK

OVER CLOSING TITLES:

EXT. PINECREST ASSISTED CARE FACILITY - DAY

A bright, sunny day. Lush, dense foliage. Beautifully manicured lawn and gardens. Looks like a college campus. PATIENTS and NURSES dot the grounds. It's bucolic. Paradise.

INT. PINECREST ASSISTED CARE FACILITY - FRONT DESK - DAY

Kelsey stands at the counter talking with an OFFICIOUS CLERK (40's). A squat, frog-like woman wearing glasses. She hands Kelsey a sheaf of papers. Kelsey studies it. Nods.

Reaches into her bag. Pulls out a thick envelope. Hands it to Officious. She peers in. Raise her eyebrows. Kelsey smiles.

KELSEY
Thanks for taking such good care of my
son --
(low)
There's a little extra in there for you.

EXT. PINECREST ASSISTED CARE FACILITY - CONTINUOUS

Kelsey walks up to BURKE (20), who sits on a park bench watching a butterfly. Now older. Doesn't look so agitated. Sits down next to him. His face lights up.

BURKE
Mom.

KELSEY
Hi.

BURKE
(points)
Butterfly.

She takes his hand in hers. Rubs it. Smiles.

KELSEY
Yeah.
(beat)
Pretty, huh?